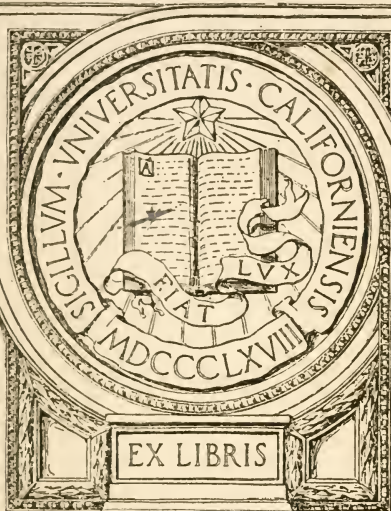


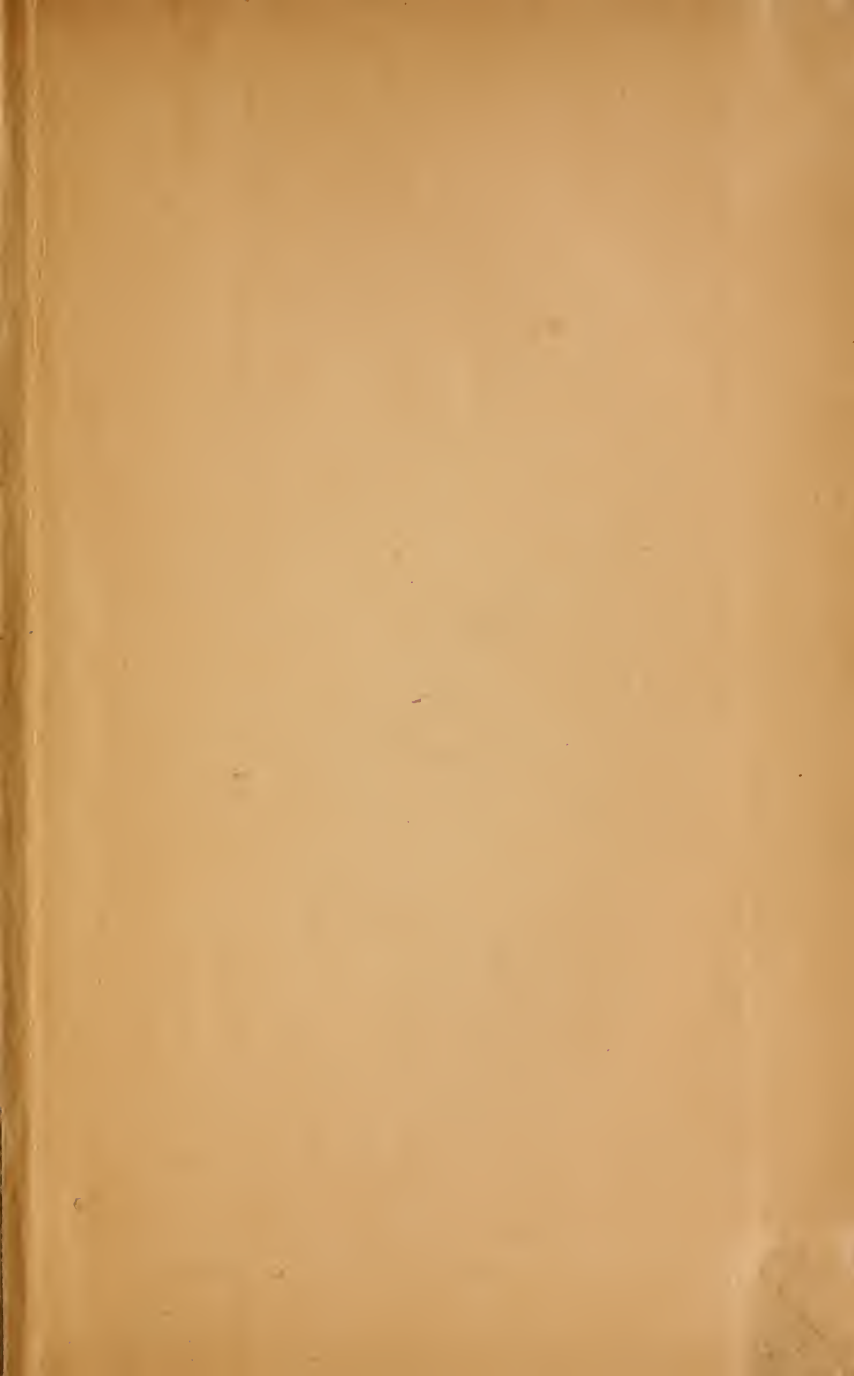


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PLAYS AND PAGEANTS
OF DEMOCRACY



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PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

by

F. URSULA PAYNE

of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers

Author of

"Plays for Anychild"



Harper & Brothers Publishers
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English Manuscripts

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

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Main

This book is gratefully dedicated

to

EMMA L. JOHNSTON

*Principal of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers,
whose encouragement of the drama as an expression of
patriotism was the inspiration of these plays.*

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The great World War is over, and again democracy is victorious over autocracy. We are anxious not only for a lasting peace, but also for a lasting victory. This can be assured only by keeping alive in the hearts of the people the great lessons which the war has taught; and undoubtedly one of the greatest of these lessons is the meaning and value of democracy.

There are many ways in which this may be kept before our eyes; but perhaps no agency reaches so many people as does the drama. All through the war the drama, in all its branches, played a large and very important part in keeping before the public the ideals for which we were fighting; and in the difficult period just ahead the drama will still have an important part to play. By *drama* I mean not only Broadway and the "movies," but also pageantry and amateur drama, which arouse so keen an interest, because the people themselves take part.

The plays and pageants in this volume were all written either during the war or immediately

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

at its close. Several of them have already been given in various parts of the United States, usually in rallies for war purposes. The pageant-plays have been revised so as to suit all patriotic occasions; the shorter plays will show, as long as the book lives, one way in which children and young people helped to keep up the national spirit in the great crisis.

That such plays are still needed we know from the many demands that come to The Brooklyn Training School for Teachers and to other institutions for material and suggestions for such activities. Indeed, patriotic plays will always be needed, just as patriotic songs are always needed, each acting as a fountain, which, while it refreshes the wayfarer, at the same time keeps itself refreshed.

The volume of morality plays, called "Plays for Anychild," was written for young people from eight to eighteen years of age; these plays are for young people from *nine* to *ninety* years of age. If the allegorical characters (such as Democracy, Mankind, The Golden Star, and Civilization) seem to you very real, then you are a "young person," and we shall allow you to take part in one of the plays. If you cannot think of these characters as real, then you are an "elderly person," and we shall allow you to be one of the audience, until, by our good acting, we make you young again.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A pageant-play is for the eye, the ear, the mind, and the soul. Hence we must strive for beauty of color, movement, and grouping, appropriate and artistic music, earnest and intelligent acting, and deep patriotic feeling. When we have these, we shall not only give an inspiring play, but also accomplish something for our great country.

Remember, the success of the play depends upon every actor, from the greatest character down to the tiniest dancer.

“Act well your part; there all the honor lies.”

Your sincere friend,

F. URSULA PAYNE,

Model Teacher, Brooklyn Training School
for Teachers.

*“WE are the citizens of
a mighty Republic,
consecrated to the service
of God above, through the
service of man on this earth.”*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

A PAGEANT OF DEMOCRACY

*(Suitable for a patriotic celebration, graduation
entertainment, or outdoor performance)*



CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

COLUMBUS.—*Dark suit with bloomers; cape; ruffles; chains on wrists; velvet hat with plume. (Copy pictures in text-book on history.)*

OFFICER.—*Somewhat like Columbus, but plainer.*

SPANISH NOBLE.—*Rich costume similar to that of Columbus.*

DEMOCRACY.—*Flowing robe, pale green; silver star over forehead.*

AUTOCRACY.—*Regal costume. Purple cape trimmed in ermine; crown of gold. (Manner very haughty.)*

FIFTEENTH

SIXTEENTH

SEVENTEENTH

EIGHTEENTH

NINETEENTH

TWENTIETH

CENTURIES.—*White robes with yellow draperies; yellow bands on hair. Name on yellow band over shoulder.*

GERMANIA.—*Armor; helmet; sword. (Copy pictures.)*

GERMAN SOLDIERS.—*Capes, helmets; etc. (Copy pictures.)*

BELGIAN CITIZENS.—*Peasant costumes. Many torn and in disorder.*

BELGIUM.—*Black robe; Belgian flag.*

FRANCE.—*White robe draped with French flag. Liberty cap; sword.*

FRENCH SOLDIERS.—*Blue-and-red uniforms.*

FRENCH PEOPLE.—*Peasant costumes; caps; aprons; etc.*

BRITANNIA.—*Helmet; white robe draped with Union Jack; sword.*

ENGLISH PEOPLE.—*Dress of mill hands, etc.*

SOLDIERS.—*(Copy pictures of English soldiers.)*

RUSSIA.—*White robe draped with Russian flag; crown.*

RUSSIAN PEOPLE.—*Fur coats; caps and gloves. High boots.*

ITALIA.—*White robe draped with Italian flag; Italian head-dress.*

ITALIAN PEOPLE.—*Costume of Italian peasants. Women wear square head-dress.*

MESSENGER.—*Costume imitating "Mercury"; winged hat, etc.*

UNITED STATES.—*White satin robe; crown with rays (Statue of Liberty). Draped with United States flag and carrying a sword. (Very imposing.)*

SOLDIERS and SAILORS.—*(Copy United States uniform.)*

AMERICAN PEOPLE.—*Dress of different occupations: Red Cross nurses; Farmers; Boys carrying Liberty Bond banners; Girls with food-conservation signs, dried fruits, etc.; Other workers.*

THE ALLIES.—*White robes; each wearing the flag of her nation.*

VICTORY.—*White or gold robe; gold, winged head-dress. Carries wreath.*

PROLOGUE

Columbus, though to Spain success he brought,
Without the riches she so vainly sought,
Soon felt the base ingratitude of kings,
Which dark despair to true endeavor brings.
But God sends dreams unto the truly great
To show them scenes beyond their earthly fate;
So to Columbus, in his prison cell,
Perhaps a vision came,—Ah, who can tell?
Perhaps he saw the centuries unfold,
And year by year their great achievements told;
Perhaps he learned the joy of joys to see,
As to mankind there came Democracy;
Perhaps he saw Autocracy give way,
And felt the sunshine of a brighter day;
Perhaps he saw our great republic stand
The mighty bulwark of this western strand.
Then to his soul perhaps some solace came
To comfort him for loss of earthly fame.
Come now, and with Columbus we shall see
The upward struggle of Democracy.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

A Pageant of Democracy

(Curtain down)

SCENE.—*In front of curtain. A perfectly plain space, with rough bench at left. Sad music.*

[Enter OFFICER, right, conducting CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, and followed by a SPANISH NOBLE. COLUMBUS has chains connecting his wrists. OFFICER roughly motions to COLUMBUS to sit on bench.]

SPANISH NOBLE *[scornfully]*.

Where now, Columbus, is thy boasted gain,
Thy wealth of Indies from the western main?
See now, the chains there hanging to thy wrist
Proclaim the dungeon that thou wouldst resist.

COLUMBUS *[with dignity]*.

I boasted not of riches great and grand.
I found what I proclaimed,—a western strand!
Thou dardest not brave the mighty deep with me,
Yet I have found the secrets of the sea.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

SPANISH NOBLE.

Expect us not these boastings to believe;
Such stories can no Spaniard now deceive.
We look for spices, silks, for jewels, gold;
Great honor thine if we could these behold.
Talk not of land, of palm-trees birds and
flowers;

They are but idle tales for idle hours.
Farewell; thou soon shalt go to meet thy fate;
In prison thou shalt live, thy doom to wait.

[*Exit NOBLE and OFFICER, right.*]

COLUMBUS [*sighing*].

So this is my reward for years of toil,
For proving to the world a western soil!
A court ungrateful turns in scorn away,
And treats with roughness my declining day!
I weary now of men, and long for sleep,
My soul finds freedom in my slumber deep.
May Heaven now send some vision unto me,
And give me hope, I waking cannot see!

[*He falls asleep.*]

THE VISION

[*Soft music. Enter DEMOCRACY, left. She walks cautiously toward right, looking behind occasionally, as if dreading something.*]

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

DEMOCRACY [*at center*].

Alas, where can Democracy now live?
My blessings to mankind I fain would give.
Yet nowhere will a nation welcome me;
On every side a monarch's power I see!
Within my heart there is a yearning deep
For those who 'neath a tyrant's yoke must
weep,—

The serf, who dares no voice of protest raise;
The peasant, who untutored spends his days;
The workman who must labor, morn and
night,

To serve the king or noble in his might.
I seek that day when all men shall be free.
Oh, when will Heaven that joy bestow on me?
[*Triumphant music. Enter AUTOC-*
RACY, *right.*]

DEMOCRACY [*shrinking back*].

It is Autocracy! I long to flee!
In this dread presence there's no room for me!

AUTOCRACY.

Thou speakest true, vain upstart! Keep thy
place!

Thy hated presence doth my path disgrace.
Dost thou not know how strong and firm I
stand,

Courted and fêted upon every hand?
Whene'er I speak, let common people quail.
Firmly intrenched, my power cannot fail.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY.

Dost thou not hear the peasant's weary cry?
AUTOCRACY.

'Tis vulgar, and in scorn I pass it by!
DEMOCRACY.

Alas, then, must Democracy expire?
AUTOCRACY.

I care not, for of common folk I tire.
'Tis thus Autocracy will always shine,
Held by a power which truly is divine.

DEMOCRACY.

Divine? Does God indeed the king uphold?
Nay, 'tis the humble whom His arms enfold!
AUTOCRACY.

The poor man is a beast with little thought,
Born but to serve his betters, as he ought.
[*Music. Enter FIFTEENTH CENTURY, right.*]

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Democracy, hast thou not seen a sign?
DEMOCRACY.

Nay, Fifteenth Century, my hopes decline.
What hast thou brought save tyranny secure,
And selfish greed no freeman can endure?

FIFTEENTH CENTURY [*indicating COLUMBUS*].

Hast thou not seen Columbus, my dear son?
Hast thou not noted what his zeal hath done?
'Tis he went forth upon that dang'rous quest
To find the eastern lands by sailing west.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

DEMOCRACY [*noticing* COLUMBUS].

How does this make ~~the~~ common people free?

How does this strengthen poor Democracy?

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Be patient. All these things thou soon shalt
know;

In other centuries thy pow'r shall grow.

But I must leave, for I have run my race;

The Sixteenth Century comes on apace.

[*Exit, left.*]

AUTOCRACY.

How ignorant such foolish words to say!

DEMOCRACY.

Yet she hath cheered me with a hopeful ray.

[*Music. Enter SIXTEENTH CENTURY,
right.*]

Ah! Sixteenth Century! What bringest thou?

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Alas! Thou canst not look for favor now.

[*AUTOCRACY looks triumphant.*]

But in my years convincing proof will be

Of a new western land beyond the sea.

'Tis as a seer that here I now declare

Democracy will find a champion there.

DEMOCRACY.

I thank thee for the message thou hast
brought.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

But future years are still with danger fraught.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

Yet for thy labors better times I see
When other centuries shall follow me.

[*Exit, left.*]

AUTOCRACY [*sarcastically*].

Thus must thou linger still on distant hope.

DEMOCRACY.

Yet 'tis not in the gloom that I must grope.

[*Music. Enter SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, right.*]

The Seventeenth Century comes. Speak! Speak!
What cheer?

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Democracy, I'm bringing comfort here!

Within my years the people, long oppressed,
Will seek the western shore for peace and rest.
There they will carry, far from monarch's throne,
The institutions that they long have known.
There will spring up, by prejudice unbound,
Religious freedom, constitutions sound;
And there the people will their voices raise
Far from the monarchies of olden days.

DEMOCRACY.

If this be true, then some day I may see
The people free from old heredity!

AUTOCRACY.

Speak not so fast; let reason show to you
The vanity of all you say and do.
A constitution is a foolish thing—
A scrap of paper to a royal king!

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

If there be planted on that western strand
The institutions of the older land,
Then shall Autocracy still rule the day,
For colonies like these extend my sway!

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Autocracy can never understand!
New customs spring upon that western land.
A freer air the people there will breathe
And to their children newer thoughts bequeath.
Farewell; see what the centuries will bring
To prove the truth of what I'm heralding.

[Exit, left.]

DEMOCRACY.

She's gone! But now a greater courage comes.

AUTOCRACY.

Wait till you meet my swords and fire and
drums.

[Music. Enter EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, right.]

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Democracy! Know what I bring to thee!
What dreamer could have thought such things
could be?

Within my years the children of the west
Shall e'en defy the monarch's proud behest.
In independence they shall proudly rise
To break the shackles which thou dost despise;
And bidding long farewell to tyrant's sway,
A new republic now shall see the day!

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY.

What new republic? Speak! Impatience
waits!

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The sponsors call it The United States!

DEMOCRACY.

United States? Ah! Something says to me
That this will be the cradle of the free!

AUTOCRACY [*angrily*].

What's this? A new republic! But who
cares?

An upstart nation which no project dares!
What can she do the older world to move
That men her silly ventures may approve?

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

My news is not yet spent, Autocracy.
This freedom spreads to lands across the sea.
Lo! France arises in her hoarded might,
O'erthrows a king—and speaks the people's
right!

AUTOCRACY.

How dare she? France is mine by old decree!

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Now she belongs unto Democracy!

DEMOCRACY.

'Tis Heaven that sends it, so to Heaven be
praise!

The Eighteenth Century brings joyful days!

[*Exit EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, left.*]

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

AUTOCRACY.

Autocracy again will have her own!

Republics from no steady root have grown.

[*Music. Enter NINETEENTH CENTURY, right.*]

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

What dost thou say? Then thou must change
thy mind.

The Nineteenth Century thy place will find.

DEMOCRACY.

Then thou will help me, Nineteenth Century?

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Aye, that I will. My comforts thou shalt see.

Within my years I'll banish slavery!

AUTOCRACY [*stamping foot*].

I need the slaves to carry out my will!

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

But to Democracy they bring great ill.

I have a sacred son, who lives to see

That for the people government shall be.

DEMOCRACY [*gladly*].

Then, noble century, I am o'erjoyed!

Thy years for goodly causes are employed.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

This is not all; another help I hold.

The freedom of poor Cuba is not told.

When she is freed, the foreign monarch's
reign

Is almost banished o'er the western main.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY.

Again I thank thee. Wonders thou hast done!
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

When I am gone, there breaks a brighter
sun.

AUTOCRACY.

Where vulgar people meet, too long I stay.
Think not to daunt me, for I know my way.
I still have friends both powerful and strong;
Among the mighty is where I belong.
I go where I am worshiped, but beware!
Democracy's defeat I now prepare!

[*Exit AUTOCRACY, behind curtain.*]

DEMOCRACY [*sitting*].

She goes to do some ill, I know not what.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Be steady! Thou art right, so fear her not!
Prepare, though, for a storm that soon shall
be—

The portents of a struggle I can see.

[*Exit, left.*]

DEMOCRACY [*rising*].

What can she mean? Breathes there in these
bright days

A soul where tyranny still proudly stays?

[*Music. Enter TWENTIETH CENTURY, right.*]

But lo! Here comes the Twentieth Century!
In her no trace of tyranny I see.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

A greeting, now, Democracy, Good Cheer!
With me the hopes of lasting peace appear.
A conference of nations I have planned,
Which proud Autocracy cannot withstand.
The Hague Tribunal meets across the sea—
A congress of the nations now shall be.
There shall all differences be fairly tried;
No haughty nation there shall rule in pride.
The smaller countries so can long endure
By their strong neighbors shielded and secure.
A promise now is stronger than a sword,
And honor the protection we afford.

[A loud burst of guns is heard behind curtain, followed by pitiful wailing. DEMOCRACY and TWENTIETH CENTURY draw back right and left of curtain, both much alarmed. Belgian music, mingled with sound of guns and wailing. Organ and piano.]

DEMOCRACY [*fearfully*].

What means this tumult? Will it never cease?

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Nay! Nay! 'Tis some mistake! There'll soon
be peace.

[Curtain rises, disclosing tableau of GERMANIA ordering her soldiers to the crushing of Belgium. GERMANIA stands at back, center, sword in hand.]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

BELGIUM stands, defiant, at right, facing GERMANIA and protecting, behind her, women and children whom the GERMAN SOLDIERS are pursuing. Women are shielding children from GERMANS. Toward front of stage one child lies dead. In front of GERMANIA is a dead woman. The BELGIANS are terrified. After a pause during which music plays, AUTOCRACY steps from behind GERMANIA. DEMOCRACY draws back in amazement.]

DEMOCRACY and TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Autocracy!

[TWENTIETH CENTURY hides face.]

AUTOCRACY.

Think not, in this old world to put me down.

Autocracy shall never lose her crown.

While tyrant's heart beats in a monarch's breast

There will I ever speed at his behest.

I feed on human misery and shame.

Democracy is here a hated name.

The people must not monarch's privilege share,

So for thy death, Democracy, prepare!

DEMOCRACY.

Autocracy, I here defy thy word!

A note of courage in the strife I've heard!

See'st thou not Belgium? Does she basely cower?

Nay, she is brave to meet this awful hour!

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

AUTOCRACY.

But see Germania, mighty, great, and strong—
Her forces and her wealth to me belong!
All her resources move to my command—
And to defend me all her armies stand.

DEMOCRACY.

To persecute weak Belgium is not right!

AUTOCRACY [*advancing to front*].

Thou dost not know that right is merely
might.

[*Curtain descends.*]

DEMOCRACY.

The nations will not wait to see such deeds.

AUTOCRACY [*proudly*].

The force of arms no other sanction needs.

DEMOCRACY.

Dost thou persist in this unrighteous thing?

AUTOCRACY.

Yes—till the whole world to my feet I
bring.

The Twentieth Century soon shall plainly see
This earth a vassal of Autocracy!

[*Moves over toward TWENTIETH CENTURY, who stands right. Organ music.*

DEMOCRACY, seated, weeps. TWENTIETH CENTURY crosses to her.]

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Nay! Nay! Look up, my sweet Democracy!
Remember, I am young! Depend on me!

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY [*sighing*].

What canst thou do? Germania is strong,
And to Autocracy her powers belong.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

But will the great and noble nations turn,
And suff'ring Belgium now basely spurn?

[*Music—"Marseillaise." At first distant, but growing louder and louder. Enter FRANCE from behind curtain. AUTOCRACY draws back, right, afraid.*]

DEMOCRACY [*joyfully*].

'Tis France! Beloved France, my noble friend!
For me she now her gallant sons will lend!

[*FRANCE sings, in French or English, one stanza of "Marseillaise." Curtain rises, disclosing French tableau. Soldiers are bidding farewell to peasants. One woman carries a baby. Another is pinning a flower on soldier's coat, etc.*]

FRANCE.

[*Entering tableau, and taking her place at rear. As she speaks, soldiers line up in two lines, and salute.*]

Aye! Never fear, for France is tried and true,
Democracy, thy foes she will pursue.
Endurance is her watchword. Thou shalt see;
Through fire and death her sons will fight for thee!

[*Curtain descends.*]

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

AUTOCRACY [*angrily*].

What! France again! She's ever in my way.
I'll have her yet held firmly 'neath my sway!

DEMOCRACY.

Nay! Thou shalt not, for through long years
of pain

She toiled her freedom from thy yoke to
gain!

AUTOCRACY.

Tut! Tut! I care not for her petty deeds;
My strong Germania no champion needs!
She'll soon crush France till France can rise no
more

To flaunt her banner on the Channel's shore!
[*Music—"Rule Britannia," at first,
distant.*]

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Hark! 'Tis Britannia! Well I know the
sound!

AUTOCRACY [*scornfully*].

Nay! Britain will not trample on MY ground!
[*Music grows louder. Curtain rises,
disclosing BRITANNIA guarded by her
soldiers. Working-men and women
are grouped on stage. As BRITAN-
NIA speaks, soldiers come to attention.
Order given by officer. Working people
raise hands toward Britannia. Chorus
sings "Rule Britannia."*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

BRITANNIA.

Wake, wake, my Island Kingdom! Hear the call!
Come, rally to my standard, one and all!

DEMOCRACY.

Great Britain! How my hope she can renew!
God grant her strength her mighty task to do!
Let loose thy lions, Britain, set them free!
Fight, fight, Great Britain, for Democracy!
[*Curtain descends.*]

AUTOCRACY [*angrily*].

Great Britain is a meddler! Let her wait!
Germania will soon be at her gate!

✓ TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Autocracy, thy words are always grand;
In arrogance thy mighty deeds are planned.
Thou dost not know the world has grown too old
Thy boasting and thy wilfulness to hold.

[*To DEMOCRACY*].

Still other helpers soon will come I know.
Democracy, thy power by this will grow.

[*Takes DEMOCRACY's hand. Music*
—“*Russian Hymn.*” *Semi-chorus.*
Curtain rises, disclosing RUSSIA sur-
rounded by Russian tableau. Rus-
sian soldiers are in two lines, facing
each other. At back RUSSIA stands
on raised platform. Groups of people,
dressed in furs, stand about, one with
sled.]

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

AUTOCRACY (*joyfully*).

'Tis Russia! She's been mine for many a
year,

In her Democracy will find no cheer.

[*Seizes hand of RUSSIA.*]

RUSSIA.

Nay, nay, Autocracy, I've done with thee.

From henceforth all my children shall be free!

[*RUSSIA removes crown. AUTOCRACY
shrinks back, right, in amazement.*

RUSSIAN PEOPLE shout. *Music—
"New Russia." Curtain.*]

DEMOCRACY.

So Russia now is mine! I did not dream

Such sunlight in this gloomy day could gleam!

AUTOCRACY.

And dost thou think that I believe this thing?
Imperial rule I will to Russia bring.

She is not stable; ignorant is she;

In Germany's strong grip she soon will be.

Her people soon shall furnish royal sport

And humbly bow the knee within my court.

She has supported me for many a year,

And she will still be mine; I do not fear.

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Poor Russia! Heaven grant her wisdom now,
That to Autocracy she may not bow!

She ne'er has felt the blessings of the tree;

She knows so little of Democracy!

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

The world must be forbearing now and wait,
Or cunning enemies will mold her fate.
In years to come she shall be strong and free;
Till then Democracy must patient be!

AUTOCRACY.

Another aid I have in Italy.

My powers no human eye can ever see.

✓ TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Wait, not so fast, Autocracy—I fear

Unwelcome music soon will greet thy ear.

Thou dost not know Italia. She'll be true!

Her sons for freedom daring deeds will do.

[*Music—"Italian Hymn," at first,
distant.*]

AUTOCRACY [*listening*].

Italia! Now Democracy shall see

What fair Italia will do for me.

[*Chorus sings "Italian Hymn." Curtain rises disclosing ITALIA standing at front. Behind her are Italian soldiers and peasants. One peasant is selling flowers. Two are about to dance, etc.*]

AUTOCRACY.

Italia, dost thou thy pledge forget?

Germania claims thy homage even yet.

ITALIA [*turning proudly*].

My eyes are opened, and I plainly see

The trap Germania had set for me.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

I go to join the rest for freedom's cause;
'Till victory is won, I shall not pause.

*[She turns and passes back to platform
at rear. Soldiers stand at attention.
Curtain descends.]*

TWENTIETH CENTURY.

So do they come, Democracy, for thee;
Full many a nation shalt thou shortly see.
All freedom-loving people, great and small
Come gladly on when liberty doth call.

AUTOCRACY.

You little know my plotting and my schemes;
Though for your cause success at present seems,
My agents I have sent throughout the world
Where'er a neutral banner is unfurled.
There they will work for me with clever zeal,
And never will my name or plans reveal,
Till I have all the world within my hands,
Till I am mistress of unmeasured lands!

*[Sudden booming and wailing behind
curtain.]*

DEMOCRACY.

That sound again—like some disaster great!

AUTOCRACY.

To hear the news thou shalt no longer wait.

[Enter MESSENGER, right.]

MESSENGER *[to TWENTIETH CENTURY]*.

They bid me tell thee of another deed:
A noble ship did o'er the ocean speed;

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

She carried passengers and merchandise;
She was unarmed. They took her by surprise,
When, as she sailed upon her quiet path,
They struck her down in their inhuman wrath!

✓ TWENTIETH CENTURY.

But they who sailed upon her—are they well?

MESSENGER.

Only the raging ocean this can tell;
For they were left to perish on the sea!
Alas, that things like this must ever be!

[AUTOCRACY *stands triumphant.*]

DEMOCRACY.

They need not be, when freedom has her
sway;

Autocracy alone would choose this way.

AUTOCRACY.

What matters by what method I succeed?

The victory will justify the deed!

DEMOCRACY [*to MESSENGER*].

Whence came these sufferers of whom thou
spake?

Who did upon the ship their journey take?

MESSENGER.

From out the land Autocracy so hates,
That great republic—The United States.

[TWENTIETH CENTURY *deeply moved.*]

DEMOCRACY [*at first, sadly*].

United States! Ah! Now some help will come!
You soon shall hear the bugle and the drum.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

Go, messenger, and tell her all thy tale;
Democracy, she'll never, never fail.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*]

AUTOCRACY [*with sarcasm*].

That upstart nation! She's unfit for war;
She'll never leave her safe and sheltered shore.

DEMOCRACY.

She will! She will! Thou dost not understand.
I know the spirit of that western land!
When she is roused, let little spirits quail!
She'll come. She'll come. I know she will not
fail!

AUTOCRACY [*laughing*].

Then where is she? I do not see her here.

She sees my mighty deeds, and waits in fear!

DEMOCRACY [*speaking with feeling*].

Great, great Republic of the Western sky,
Hear now Democracy's loud pleading cry!
The world is bending 'neath a weight of woe,
And freedom faces an unyielding foe.

Come, young and strong, and now thy courage try;
Bring thy young eagles forth and let them fly!
Thou'rt needed! Come! Democracy awaits!
Strike, strike for freedom, dear United States!

[*Triumphal music with theme of "Star-spangled Banner."* Enter, through parting in curtain, THE UNITED STATES. She stands with hand up-raised.]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

UNITED STATES.

Behold I come! (*Pause.*) Fear not, Democracy!
Our great republic offers all for thee!

The principles from which her strength hath
grown,

The happiness and peace she long hath known—
All, all will vanish, if thou canst not live!

Her blood, her might, her every power she'll
give!

AUTOCRACY [*approaching in threatening attitude*].

Thou shalt . . .

UNITED STATES [*raising hand disdainfully, and
slowly moving toward AUTOCRACY*].

Away, thou vain Autocracy!

Hence! Get thee gone! The world hath done
with thee!

[AUTOCRACY *draws mantle over face
and slowly withdraws, right.*]

DEMOCRACY.

A light is breaking! Heaven is gracious still!
I go with thee! My hopes thou canst fulfil!

[DEMOCRACY and TWENTIETH CEN-
TURY *stand right and left of UNITED
STATES.*]

UNITED STATES [*drawing sword*].

I join the Allies!

[*Curtain rises disclosing THE ALLIES
standing in semicircle with hands
raised toward UNITED STATES. She*

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

steps back to center of semicircle, with DEMOCRACY and TWENTIETH CENTURY, and continues.]

Now on Europe's sod

We strike for right, for freedom, and for God!

[UNITED STATES raises sword. Bugle sounds. Grand-march music. She motions with sword to right, then to left, etc. ALLIES move back. Enter right, soldiers, left, sailors. Then in groups, right and left, Red Cross nurses, farmers, bearers of Liberty Bond banners, housewives with food-conservation signs, etc. They leave a path in center from front to back of stage. UNITED STATES with DEMOCRACY and TWENTIETH CENTURY stands front, center.]

UNITED STATES.

"We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind, for the future peace and security of the world. The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together."

[Martial music. Soldiers and sailors file out, followed by workers. GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, BELGIUM, ITALY, step forward, each bearing the flag of her nation. At center of stage they

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

group themselves, placing tips of flag-sticks together. Other ALLIES form a semicircle farther out].

UNITED STATES [*stepping from platform and raising her flag to touch the others*].

“The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifice we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of nations can make them.”

[Trumpet sounds. Enter VICTORY, carrying a laurel wreath.]

VICTORY.

God stands forever on the side of right,
And gives to justice still the final might.
The sister nations now this crown shall wear,
In token of the victory they share.

[She places wreath over the flags that are grouped together.]

UNITED STATES.

Now, God be thanked, my sons their flag unfurled;
Their spirit and their strength have saved the world.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS

[*Tableau: VICTORY on throne in center, holding blue flag. TWENTIETH CENTURY just below, in center. ALLIES grouped with wreath over flags. Other ALLIES in semicircle.*]

COLUMBUS [*awaking*].

A wondrous vision did my eyes behold,
A blessing greater far than shining gold.
What! Can the land beyond the western
main
Some noble future secretly contain?
Perchance the people happily may find
A safe retreat from monarchies unkind—
Perchance Democracy hath gold in store
Of untold wealth upon that western shore;
And nations yet unborn may strongly rise
To lift their voices 'neath those glowing skies!
And there may freedom-loving men be born,
Whose zeal may be the rainbow in the storm
That rocks old Europe in her darkest hour,
And so my western land may show God's
power!

For future generations yet may see
The late reward that doth not come to me.
Ah, then, these shackles need not vex me so;
Columbus now defies his royal foe!
God led me on and on; and, come what will,
I pray God's hand may use my labor still.

[*Exit, left.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

UNITED STATES.

A League of Nations let us strongly bind,
A Union to protect and serve mankind.
No more shall men to petty tyrants bow;
God rules the world, and men are brothers now.

[Salute to flag may be put in here.]

"Star-spangled Banner."

[Curtain.]

II

AT THE GATE OF PEACE

A PAGEANT-PLAY

(Suitable for a Thanksgiving festival, patriotic celebration, graduation entertainment, or outdoor performance)

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

MANKIND.—*Cape or cloak with royal medals, etc.; gold band on head; gold chain about neck; sword in hand.*

THE CHILDREN OF MANKIND.—*Poor garments; worn shoes, etc.*

ENVY.—*Green cloak; head-band bearing the word Envy in green letters.*

INTRIGUE.—*Black cloak; head-band bearing the word Intrigue in black letters.*

TERRORISM.—*Red cloak; head-band bearing the word Terrorism in red letters.*

GUARDIAN OF THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.—*White gown with flowing sleeves; flowing hair bound by white band.*

ATTENDANT.—*White or lavender page's costume.*

ANGEL OF PEACE.—*White flowing gown; hair falling loosely, carries olive branch or dove.*

HOST OF ANGELS.—*White flowing robes; loose hair; white wings.*

UNITED STATES.—*White robe; gold crown with rays like Statue of Liberty; flag drapery.*

HARVESTERS.—*White dresses trimmed in autumn tints. Those in red carry baskets of red fruit; those in yellow carry yellow fruit or grain, etc. The colors should be so arranged that the procession makes a harmonious whole.*

PROLOGUE

The shells no longer shriek; the guns are still;
The world prepares for peace and sweet good will.
“But how can lasting peace be won?” you say.
We give the answer in our little play.
Soon you will see Mankind approach the gate,
Where for his children peace and love await.
He seeks to enter, but the Guardian fair
Rids him of things which are forbidden there.
This is the Home of Peace. Here is the gate.
Mankind is coming—listen now, and wait.

AT THE GATE OF PEACE

A Pageant-Play

SCENE.—*Before the Temple of Peace.*

[*Curtain down.*]

[*Enter, right, MANKIND, wearing a robe decked with military trappings, a heavy gold chain about his neck, and a gold band on his head. He carries a blood-stained sword. Clinging to his robes are two thin, pale children, and behind him stealthily walk ENVY, INTRIGUE, and TERRORISM.*]

ENVY [*looking about furtively*].

Mankind, where wouldst thou lead us? We would know.

MANKIND.

To the abode of Peace I now would go.

War wearies me. I long for love and peace,

I crave the time when noise and strife shall cease.

INTRIGUE.

I love not peace, save as it plans for war.

TERRORISM.

I long for strife that lasts for evermore.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

ENVY.

In times of peace I find it hard to thrive.

MANKIND.

How gladly from my side such friends I'd drive,
But something holds you—what, I do not know.

My children fear you. Would that you would go!

INTRIGUE.

We have our plans, Mankind, and here we'll
stay,

Awaiting patiently a future day.

*[Children cower against MANKIND,
who turns with a sigh toward the gate
of the Temple of Peace, center.]*

MANKIND.

This is the Gate of Peace, I'll knock and wait.

Perchance some friend will open wide the gate.

*[He knocks, right. The gate opens,
or curtains part, and the GUARDIAN
steps out, followed by attendant.]*

GUARDIAN.

Who knocks upon the sacred Gate of Peace?

MANKIND.

'Tis I, Mankind, who prays that strife may
cease.

GUARDIAN.

Who are these little ones so wan and pale?

MANKIND.

My children, who have struggled through the
vale,

AT THE GATE OF PEACE

Where war's privations left them weak and
sad.

O let them know thy peace and they'll be
glad.

GUARDIAN [*stepping forward, but drawing back as
she sees ENVY, INTRIGUE, and TERRORISM*].

What's this? Envy is close behind you here;
Intrigue and Terrorism, too, appear!

MANKIND.

I want them not. They ever cling to me.
Within the walls of Peace I may be free.

GUARDIAN [*aside to MANKIND*].

Alas, Mankind, thou dost not understand;
Thy gay regalia tempts this crafty band.
Whence came this costly chain about thy
neck?

MANKIND.

A royal king did thus my person deck.

GUARDIAN.

Come, take it off. It weighs thy spirits down.
[MANKIND *takes off chain and throws
it down. ENVY springs upon it and
makes off with it, right.*]

Whence came this band of gold like to a
crown?

MANKIND.

A royal gift for serving royal ends.

GUARDIAN.

Who takes king's gifts upon the king depends,

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

Put by such baubles; they but lead to strife.

[MANKIND *takes off crown and throws it down.* INTRIGUE *seizes it and runs off, right.*]

That sword! It speaks the loss of human life!

MANKIND [*sighing as he looks at sword*].

A monarch gave it, and for him 'twas drawn.

GUARDIAN.

While still Mankind by thrones will bend and fawn

He cannot hope the joys of peace to know.

Thou needest not that blade, so let it go.

[MANKIND *throws down sword.* TERRORISM *takes it and exit, right.*]

MANKIND.

How free I feel—a weight is gone indeed!

Those royal toys could fill no human need!

[*Looking behind him in surprise.*]

Envy, Intrigue, and Terrorism fled?

We're freed, my children, from their presence dread!

GUARDIAN.

They followed but the baubles of a throne.

When these they had they left Mankind alone.

MANKIND.

Am I now ready to approach the gate?

GUARDIAN.

A little time I yet must bid thee wait.

AT THE GATE OF PEACE

[*To Attendant.*]

Take off this cloak that's decked with trappings
gay,

'Twill serve to warm the poor some frosty day.

[*Attendant removes MANKIND's cloak.*]

Give him an implement of honest toil,

The emblem of the man who digs the soil.

[*Attendant hands pick or shovel to
MANKIND.*]

MANKIND [*regarding himself*].

This humble garb becomes me well indeed;

From all official plottings I am freed.

With pride I look upon this useful tool.

Too long for kings I've been a cringing fool!

I breathe at last! Let royal honors cease!

Thank God for Freedom! Lead me on to Peace!

[*Voices behind curtain are heard singing, "Angel of Peace."*¹ *At the close of the first stanza the portal opens, disclosing the ANGEL OF PEACE on high in the center, surrounded by a host of angels, all in white. Chorus sings the third stanza. The angels should form a pyramid; little angels in front.*]

ANGEL OF PEACE.

Now enter, dear Mankind, the Gate of Peace.

Bid warfare stop and petty quarrels cease!

¹ Assembly Song Book, page 10. A. S. Barnes & Co.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

God rules the world, let mortals serve and
praise.

Kingdoms are going. Welcome happy days!

[MANKIND *moves toward the ANGEL*
OF PEACE, *but one of his children*
falls to the ground.]

MANKIND [*bending over child*].

My child! Alas! look up. What ails thee, dear?
[*Rising.*]

She's hungry. Is there food for children here?
The war was cruel and the fields are bare.
A little food would save us from despair.

GUARDIAN [*turning to audience*].

Who'll feed the starving children of Mankind?
Four years of cruel war we leave behind.
The fields are plowed by guns and steeped in
tears,

They'll yield aplenty in the coming years!
But now the children cry for milk and bread.
Who'll sacrifice that babies may be fed?

UNITED STATES [*from the rear of the audience*].

I'm ready. None can make that cry in vain.
My children call across the ocean main:
"We'll bring to you from out our plenteous
fields

The grain and fruits our noble country yields."

GUARDIAN [*shading eyes as she looks out*].

'Tis the United States! She never fails
When dreadful suffering or want prevails.

AT THE GATE OF PEACE

Come, Great Republic, to this home of Peace;
Thy generous heart will make our joys increase.

[March music. UNITED STATES moves down the aisle, followed by HARVESTERS bearing milk, bread, grain, fruit, etc. As UNITED STATES reaches the platform, she is led by the attendant over to MANKIND. She motions to a HARVESTER following, who carries a bowl of milk. This HARVESTER stoops over and gives a draught of milk to the child of MANKIND, who slowly revives. The other HARVESTERS, bearing food, group themselves on platform, right and left. When all are in place, ANGEL OF PEACE speaks.]

ANGEL OF PEACE.

“May the Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God.”

[CHORUS: “Now Thank We All Our God,” or another hymn.]

[Curtain.]

NOTE.—The procession of Harvesters may be as long as desired. A pleasing effect is obtained by grouping fruits and grains along front of platform.

III
THE GOLDEN STAR

A PAGEANT-PLAY

(Suitable for a patriotic celebration, graduation entertainment, or outdoor performance. Especially adapted to programs for war charities, war memorials, etc.)

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

UNITED STATES.—Long, white, flowing gown, draped in American flag; crown like that of Statue of Liberty.

HONOR.—Long, flowing, white robe; Greek border; wreath of gold leaves.

SPIRIT OF AMERICA.—Long, flowing, pale-blue gown trimmed with silver; flowing sleeves; band on head.

GOLDEN STAR.—Gold-colored dress; gold star on head.

VICTORY.—Orange-and-yellow robe; gold-winged crown; carries garland.

PEACE.—Long, flowing, white robe; carries lily or palm.

MESSANGER.—Green and silver Mercury costume.

WOMAN.—Old clothing; shawl over head.

MERCHANT.—Business suit; gray hair.

LADY.—Afternoon dress; carries knitting-bag.

LABORER.—Overalls; carries tools.

NURSE.—Regulation uniform.

DOCTOR.—Long coat; carries satchel.

MISER.—Long cape, cane; carries money-bag.

FASHIONABLE GIRL.—Up-to-date costume.

CLERGYMAN.—Black cassock.

LITTLE CHILD.—School dress; carries books.

TEACHER.—Plain dress.

SCHOOL-BOY.—Boy Scout suit.

SCHOOL-GIRL.—Camp Fire dress.

BLUE SERVICE STARS.—White dresses; blue stars on foreheads.

VICTORY DANCERS.—Yellow-and-orange dresses; carry yellow-and-green garlands.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS.—Regulation uniform; some bandaged.

PROLOGUE

The war is past, and in the future day
Mementoes of the conflict we shall prize;
The service flag will then be laid away,
With many a tender glance from loving eyes.

The true blue stars forever will be dear,
So closely clustered on their field of white;
But, oh! what sweet remembrance hovers near
Those golden stars of soft, translucent light!

The golden stars a message have to tell,
A message that our pageant seeks to show.
A call of heroes, saying, "All is well,"
And clarion voices crying, "Rise and grow!"

In nineteen eighteen, as our play recalls,
Two millions of our boys were far away;
But home they come before the curtain falls,
For nineteen nineteen quickly ends our play.

Hark to the sounds which distant war betide!
Now, as the curtain rises, you will see
United States, with Honor at her side,
Still waiting for the news of victory.

THE GOLDEN STAR

A Pageant-Play

SCENE.—*The Home-land. At back of stage hangs a large service flag, having a number of blue stars, and at least one gold star. The flag is so placed that some characters may enter from behind or beneath it. In front of the service flag is a dais rising somewhat above the stage.*

Before the curtain rises, sounds of warfare may be heard. A bugle sounds, followed by the steady beat of a drum, growing fainter and fainter, so as to convey the impression of a departing army.

Curtain rises, discovering UNITED STATES standing alone in the center of the stage. Her head is upraised, her hands clenched at her sides, indicating truth to ideals and stern determination. Her face, however, is sad. At the rear, on the first step of the dais, stands HONOR, straight and steadfast, looking at the UNITED STATES.

UNITED STATES [*slowly and sadly*].

So they have sailed across the bounding sea,
My boys whose every breath was dear to me;

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

So young, so brave, so full of boyhood dreams!

[Looks about her and sighs.]

How empty and how void the landscape seems!

HONOR *[crossing quickly to UNITED STATES and placing hand on her shoulder]*.

Noble Republic, thou art not alone,

Throughout thy life thou still hast Honor known.

Whilst I am here thou canst not lack a friend.

Make Honor thy companion to the end.

UNITED STATES *[clasping the hand of HONOR]*.

I know thee, Honor; never hast thou strayed,

But ever at my side hast firmly stayed.

In earthly years, one hundred forty-two

Have sealed our friendship as it stronger grew.

Without thee I could ne'er have trod the way

That led me on to this momentous day.

For thee my boys have gone, a radiant band,

To spend their blood upon a foreign land.

[Booming is heard. UNITED STATES catches the hand of HONOR, as if to steady herself.]

HONOR *[drawing her back a little way]*.

Forget not, too, thy children here at home,

Who from thy side will never ask to roam.

[Waving hand to left.]

The merchant who his millions lends to thee.

[Enter MERCHANT, who takes his place at left of dais.]

The lady who still serves thee cheerfully.

THE GOLDEN STAR

[Enter LADY, right, with knitting, etc.
Takes place right of dais.]

The laborer who works with might and main
That no reproach may e'er thy honor stain.

[Enter LABORER, left. Stands left of dais.]

The nurse who sacrifices joy and ease,

[Enter NURSE, right. Takes her place
at right of dais.]

The doctor, fighting grim and dread disease,

[Enter DOCTOR, left. Takes place left
of dais.]

The man of God with comfort for the sad,

[CLERGYMAN enters left. Takes place
left of dais.]

The mother who so freely gives her lad.

[Enter FOREIGN WOMAN, right, wear-
ing shawl on head. Takes place right
of dais.]

The teacher who is spending mind and health
To guard the treasures of thy greatest wealth.

[Enter TEACHER, right. She takes
place at right of dais. A little child
runs at her side.]

The boy and girl who give their hours of play
To summon aid in this thy hardest day.

[Enter BOY SCOUT and CAMP FIRE
GIRL, left and right. Take their
places, left and right of dais. There

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

is now a semicircle with dais in center, leaving a space next to dais on each side.]

The miser who can scarce a penny spend,
And yet for thee his dollars he will lend.

[Enter MISER. Takes place left of dais.]

And fashion's daughter, who with many a
tear

Has sent away the one she held most dear.

[Enter FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY, right. Takes place right of dais.]

All these for honor and for country strive
To keep thy truth and virtue still alive.

UNITED STATES *[looking left and right]*.

I love them all and need them every one;
Without them never could my task be done.
Now God be thanked that in His grace doth
please

To give me loyal children such as these.

And yet my heart is sad, for far away

My boys will be for many a weary day.

The Spirit of America they had.

Ah, could that Spirit come, I should be glad!

[Music sounds. Enter SPIRIT OF AMERICA. She is strong and beautiful, clad in a pale-blue robe. She comes from behind flag and stands for a moment on dais.]

THE GOLDEN STAR

SPIRIT.

Who calls the Spirit of Columbia's land?

UNITED STATES.

'Tis I that needed comfort at thy hand.

Let me but touch thee and I shall be brave,

Thy magic power my fainting soul can save!

[UNITED STATES *kneels beside SPIRIT on dais, wrapping her shoulders in the floating sleeve of the SPIRIT's robe, and seeming to breathe in strength.*]

SPIRIT [*laying her hand on the head of UNITED STATES*].

Ah, how I love thee, great Republic dear!

No other voice could call me to appear.

But here I am to give thee strength and zeal,

Still ready to respond to thy appeal.

UNITED STATES [*rising*].

But I am selfish! Where my boys may be

There thou art needed, far across the sea!

SPIRIT.

Not so; for in each soldier, brave and free,

Some of my spirit dwells continually.

For every star that here the flag may show

A spirit lives, defying every foe.

[*Descending from dais and raising hand toward flag.*]

Come, loyal spirits, show yourselves to-day

To cheer United States upon her way.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

[*Music. Enter from behind service flag SPIRITS dressed in white, blue stars on foreheads. There is one SPIRIT for every blue star in the service flag. They float forward and stand as the stars on the service flag. Last comes one dressed in gold and wearing a golden star on her forehead. She stands high on the dais, with steadfast gaze.*]

[*The BLUE STARS sing.*]

THE SERVICE STARS¹

(Tune, "My Normandy.")

(1)

Thy service stars still shine for thee,
America! America!
Wherever toil and strife may be,
America! America!
Throughout the world (Ah!), where'er they go (Ah!),
Thy boys are true (Ah!), thy boys are true (Ah!),
They conquer bravely every foe,
And valiant deeds for thee they do!

(2)

Forever blue thy stars will shine!
America! America!
Their steady glow will still be thine!
America! America!
But brighter still (Ah!) thy stars of gold (Ah!)
Their radiance shed (Ah!) upon the world (Ah!),
And freedom shines where men behold
Thy starry service flag unfurled.

¹ Assembly Song Book, page 54. A. S. Barnes & Co.

THE GOLDEN STAR

UNITED STATES.

My service stars! Indeed I love you well!
No words my gratitude to you can tell!
But there on high a golden star I see!
It stands for one who gave his life for me!

GOLDEN STAR [*speaking serenely*].

The spirit of thy golden star is here;
Whene'er thou needest me, I shall appear.
I come from out a land where martyrs dwell,
Whose golden light no shadow can dispel.
I know the golden shores of memory,
The golden deeds of heroes I can see.
Think not, dear Mother, that they do not care,
For over thee they're ever watching there;
They love thee always in that Heroes' Land.
They died for thee, and so they understand.

UNITED STATES.

Thou art my star! Shine, shine to guide me
right!

For sacrifice hath made that radiant light!

GOLDEN STAR.

Then harken, fair Republic, unto me:
Whenever shadows shall encompass thee,
When darkness grows so deep thou canst not
see,

Call for thy Golden Star of Memory!

[*Soft music. The SERVICE STARS
move slowly back behind the service
flag.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

UNITED STATES [*following them a few steps*].

Ah! they are gone! My stars no longer shine!

SPIRIT.

There is communion 'twixt their souls and
thine.

My spirit hovers over them and thee,
And will not suffer thee defeat to see.

UNITED STATES.

I well believe thee. Thou wilt be my friend.
With thee and Honor I await the end.

[*Booming of cannon and loud blast of
trumpets is heard. Enter MESSEN-
GER, right, running. All gather
around.*]

MESSENGER.

News! News! Thou great Republic of the
West!

With victory thy valiant sons are blessed.
Scarce waiting for the word that let them go,
They swept undaunted on their trembling foe.
Such dash and spirit ne'er the world has known
As those bold Yankee boys this day have shown!

SPIRIT.

They show the spirit that their fathers had;
America ennobles every lad.

HONOR

Could they do less than strike in youthful might,
When called upon to champion the right?

[*Victory music.*]

THE GOLDEN STAR

MESSENGER.

See, Victory approaches! Even so
United States has saved the world from woe!

[*Enter VICTORY, right.*]

VICTORY [*approaching UNITED STATES with a garland and placing it around her neck*].

Noble Republic, see, thy sons have won
This trophy for the deeds that they have done.
They bid me deck thee with this garland bright;
It was for thee they conquered in the fight.

UNITED STATES [*kissing the garland*].

My noble boys! How can I speak their praise?
For them all citizens their voices raise.

[*Takes the hand of HONOR.*]

For Honor they have given all they had!
America this day may well-be glad.

VICTORY.

I call the dancers, that in rhythmic glee
The world may now our jubilation see.

[*Victory music. VICTORY raises her hand. Enter VICTORY DANCERS dressed in yellow, with garlands. They dance in and out, including in their path all on the stage, or forming two circles. Music suddenly changes to calm tones. DANCERS retire to back of stage. Enter PEACE, from behind service flag. Use classic polka for dance.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

HONOR.

Sweet Peace, thou comest now our cup to
fill.

What, hast thou made those guns forever
still?

PEACE.

Sound praises now to God, who brings
release,

His children now once more may be at
peace.

[FULL CHORUS: "*The Lord Is Mindful of His Own*," *Assembly Song Book*, page 164; or, "*Hope Thou in God*," page 168. *At close of the chorus is heard the sound of the drum and the tramp of soldiers.*]

MESSENGER.

Hark, 'tis the sound again of marching feet
Be ready now our noble boys to greet.

[*Martial music. Enter, right and left, soldiers and sailors. Some are wounded. If local heroes are available, their appearance will be effective. They march to center of stage, salute UNITED STATES, HONOR and PEACE and VICTORY, then stand, left and right. At a signal they break ranks and are greeted by MERCHANT, LABORER, NURSE, DOCTOR, CLERGY-*

THE GOLDEN STAR

MAN, TEACHER, BOY *and* GIRL, *and*
MISER, *who come forward to greet*
them. The mother greets her son.
His eyes are bandaged, or he is other-
wise wounded. She stands weeping.]

UNITED STATES [*coming forward*].

Why dost thou weep to-day, when all are
glad?

WOMAN [*sadly*].

Alas, dear country, see my little lad!

For thee he sailed away to do and dare;

Oh, promise me that thou wilt give him care.

UNITED STATES [*turning*].

Peace, Victory, and Honor, tell me true—

How can my boys begin their lives anew?

May they not all be cared for year by year?

We need them, and we hold them all so
dear!

VICTORY.

Our people yet must labor many a day;

For thee they still must work and watch and
pray.

PEACE.

Our efforts for our heroes must not cease,

Else we shall not deserve a lasting peace.

UNITED STATES [*looking at citizens*].

Then, children, there is work for all of you.

HONOR.

And all will help, if they be good and true.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

MERCHANT.

My son's at home. No need of strife I see.
*[Walks down stage and stands, left,
with back turned.]*

LADY.

I've other interests now. No toil for me.
[Same on right.]

LABORER.

I'll strike for money, now that peace is won!
[Same as MERCHANT.]

NURSE.

I'm tired of work. I think my task is done.
[Same as LADY.]

DOCTOR.

Well, well, I'll give my thoughts to science now.
[Same as MERCHANT.]

MISER.

I'll keep my gold. No more to flags I'll bow.
[Same as MERCHANT.]

FASHIONABLE GIRL.

I don't see what they're still appealing for;
I've done my bit and I shall work no more!
[Same as LADY.]
*[UNITED STATES stands looking sadly
from one to the other.]*

UNITED STATES.

My children! Oh, my children! don't you
see?
I need your steady work continually.

THE GOLDEN STAR

Your zeal must strive in peace as well as war,
To guard democracy for evermore.

[They turn their backs coldly.]

HONOR *[turning sadly]*.

United States, I fear that I must go.

We have been ever friends, as thou must know.

Thy sons have met their debts, but now I see

To-day they know not what they owe to thee.

They have been saved from tyranny and shame,

And now they bring disgrace upon thy name.

[UNITED STATES hangs her head.]

PEACE *[clasping hands and descending from dais]*.

Peace without Honor? That were shame indeed!

Peace is bereft when Honor she must need!

[HONOR presses the hand of PEACE

and walks slowly to left; UNITED

STATES comes forward and kneels

down, weeping. Soft music.]

CLERGYMAN *[stopping HONOR, left]*.

I pray thee wait till God shall ope their eyes;

When Honor leaves us all our glory dies.

[HONOR waits, sadly, extreme left.]

LITTLE CHILD *[looking at UNITED STATES and then*

going from one person to another, then back

to TEACHER, bringing her forward, while sad

music plays].

Look, Teacher! Our dear country is so sad!

Will no one come to make her strong and glad?

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

TEACHER [*taking child's hand*].

Dear child, we now must think what we can do.
Perhaps we'll find a comfort—just we two.

[*Going toward SPIRIT.*]

Great Spirit of America, awake!

Some solace to our mother-country take.

[*Music, as SPIRIT awakens. She comes forward with TEACHER and child.*]

SPIRIT.

I thank thee, Teacher; thou dost understand.
No power like thine can stir this noble land.
Use well thy power, and this Democracy
Will keep the honor that still makes her free.

[*SPIRIT crosses, bends over UNITED STATES, and looks down at her.*]

SPIRIT.

Hast thou forgotten now thy golden star?
Its beams are shining from the flag afar.

UNITED STATES [*looking up, and then rising*].

My star! My golden star! I did forget!
The spirit of that star may help me yet!

[*Turns and stretches her arms out toward the flag. TEACHER, CHILD, and CLERGYMAN lead her toward the flag.*]

Oh, beauteous service star, dear star of gold,
Thy pleading mother here thou dost behold!
Send back that spirit from the land of light,
And wake my people to a sense of right!

THE GOLDEN STAR

Come back from out the Heroes' Land afar,
Come, shining spirit of my golden star!

[*Soft music. Enter SPIRIT OF THE
GOLDEN STAR.*]

GOLDEN STAR.

I come, dear mother, at thy gentle call;
The heroes of the past are listening all.
They bid me say: "We died for all of you;
We call you to be steady, staunch, and true."

[*Some of the citizens turn toward the
star.*]

GOLDEN STAR [*continuing*].

Lincoln speaks:

"We here highly resolve that these dead shall
not have died in vain—that this nation, under
God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and
that government of the people, by the people, and
for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

[*As the GOLDEN STAR speaks, one by
one the citizens turn and stretch out
their hands toward the STAR.*]

GOLDEN STAR [*after a pause*].

Stand by your country still in everything;
This message from the Heroes' Land I bring.

[*Music. Exit STAR, slowly, behind flag.*]

SCHOOL-BOY [*coming forward*].

Come, people, 'tis our country needs our aid.

SCHOOL-GIRL.

We'll all be true; you need not be afraid.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

MOTHER [*approaching the UNITED STATES*].

My little boy, so young, how will he fare?

Oh, promise me that thou wilt give him care!

MERCHANT [*stepping forward*].

We'll care for him, good woman, never fear.

We'll see that he shall live to bring you cheer.

UNITED STATES.

Columbia's Spirit breathes for evermore

In native land or on a foreign shore!

PEACE.

Come, Honor, once again thou hast a home.

[HONOR *joins hands with* PEACE.]

HONOR.

Oh, bid me ne'er again from Peace to roam!

SPIRIT.

Bring in the flag, that every one may say

The words of love that fill our hearts to-day.

[*Enter flag-bearers with flag. Salute to the flag.*]

“*Star-spangled Banner.*”

[*Curtain.*]

IV

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

A PAGEANT-PLAY OF THE RISE OF THE
COMMON MAN, IN FOUR EPISODES

(Suitable for a patriotic celebration, graduation entertainment, or outdoor performance)

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

CIVILIZATION.—*Gown and hood of a pilgrim of old. Color, purple or green. Sandals on feet. Staff in hand.*

ANDREW (1st Episode).—*Coarse, loose tunic of gray. Sandals on feet.*

(2d Episode).—*Peasant's costume.*

(3d Episode).—*Dress of modern working-man.*

(4th Episode).—*Dress of modern working-man.*

AWLAY.—*Doublet and hose, coarse brown.*

VERA (1st Episode).—*Loose Roman robe of dark wool.*

(2d Episode).—*Peasant's costume and white cap.*

(3d Episode).—*Dress of modern working-woman.*

(4th Episode).—*Dress of modern lady.*

CORINNA (1st Episode).—*Loose tunic of a light color.*

(2d Episode).—*Dress of peasant child.*

(3d Episode).—*Dress of modern child.*

(4th Episode).—*Dress of modern child.*

CONQUEROR.—*Roman costume. Wreath on head.*

ROMAN GUARDS.—*Roman costume.*

SOLDIERS and GUARDS.—*Roman armor.*

ROMAN DANCERS.—*Robes of Roman women.*

HERALD.—*Roman tunic, etc.*

SLAVES.—*Greek or Egyptian dress, somewhat ragged.*

JESTER.—*Regulation jester's costume in bright colors or all red; bells.*

FEUDAL KING.—*Gorgeous dress of king of the Middle Ages. (Copy pictures of King John of England.)*

BARONS and LADIES.—*Riding-costumes of Middle Ages. (Copy pictures in history.)*

UNITED STATES.—*White robe; draped in flag. Crown like Statue of Liberty.*

LIBERTY.—*White robe and liberty cap.*

JUSTICE.—*White robe; carries scales and sword; she is blindfolded.*

EDUCATION.—*College cap and gown.*

REFUGEES.—*Ragged clothes; carry bundles, etc.*

BELGIUM.—*Black robe; black drapery over head; carries Belgian flag and a lighted torch.*

MILITARISM.—*Armor and helmet; he carries a sword.*

PESTILENCE.—*Red robe and head-dress.*

FAMINE.—*Robe and head-dress of ecru or tan; wan face.*

FRANCE

RUSSIA

BRITAIN

ITALY

} *White robes; each carries flag of her nation.*

ARBITRATION.—*White robes with rainbow scarf.*

LOVE.—*Pink gown trimmed with roses.*

PEACE.—*White gown, olive leaves. She may carry a dove.*

JOY.—*Gold dancing costume.*

JOY'S ATTENDANTS.—*Gold dancing costumes.*

CAPITAL.—*Handsome dress of a rich man of the present. If in an automobile, he wears fur-lined coat, etc.; diamond scarf-pin.*

WORKING-MEN

and

WORKING-WOMEN

} *Dress of factory hands of present day.*

ATTENDANT TO CIVILIZATION.—*Costume of Boy Scout.*

PROLOGUE

Some say that all of history is told
In lives of famous men from age to age;
But as the plans of God in time unfold,
The Common Man stands forth upon the page.

We see him in the morn of time appear
Untutored save by Nature's guiding hand;
We trace his evolution year by year,
Till God's great purpose he may understand.

Now, in our age, we see him face to face,
With forces that the ancients could not see;
The Common Man, the leader of his race—
The founder of the world's democracy.

But law and order he will learn to crave,
As plucking goodly grain from out the thorn;
God's steadfast laws he carefully will save.
Of all the worthless chaff forever shorn.

Our pageant shows the Highway of the King,
On which we see the Common Man appear.
Civilization to his side will bring
His new friend, Work, who must be ever near.

First we shall see the ancient Highway lie,
On which the Conqueror will come in might.
The Medieval Highway then we spy,
Where feudal monarch wields his lordly right.

The modern Highway next we all shall see,
And there Democracy her strength will bring;
And last, the Future Highway, which will be
The strong and finished Highway of the King.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

A Pageant in Four Episodes

EPISODE I

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY

SCENE.—*A highway, crossing the stage from left to right, as one faces the audience. At the back are seen distant hills, and buildings of Greek or Roman type. (Back scene may be omitted, if desired.)*

[Enter, left, ANDREW, a common man, who is led by CIVILIZATION.]

ANDREW *[looking about]*.

Civilization, thou art new to me,
And yet I find I put my trust in thee
Is this the great High Road of which thou spake,
Whereon the Common Man his way must take?

CIVILIZATION.

This is the road, the Highway of the King,
And to the road the Common Man I bring.
Here thou shalt journey on thy forward way,
Till thou shall find the King himself some day.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

ANDREW.

How shall I know the King when here he comes?
Will there be trumpets' blare, or beat of drums?

CIVILIZATION.

Nay, thou shalt know him when that day
shall be,

For joy and peace and love he'll bring to thee.
Yet on thy journey thou must *work* thy way.
Here's a companion who'll beside thee stay.

[*He beckons. Enter AWLAY, right.*
CIVILIZATION takes AWLAY's hand
and approaches ANDREW. AWLAY
carries hammers for breaking stones.]

ANDREW [*looking doubtful*].

Companion? Who is this I pray thee tell?

CIVILIZATION.

Awlay, or *work*, thou'lt know him soon full
well.

Where'er the Common Man his way may wend,
There *work* must stay beside him as his friend.
When work deserts him, then must come despair.
Hold fast to Awlay with thy utmost care.

ANDREW.

Civilization, thou hast counseled true.

[*Takes AWLAY's hand.*]

Awlay, my friend, what dost thou bid me do?
AWLAY [*handing hammer*].

The Highway of the King should be most fair.
'Tis ours, good friend, to keep it in repair.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

We'll break the stones, and make the roadway
neat

That it may be prepared for royal feet.

ANDREW.

The task is hard, but yet I now accept.

No king shall say the road hath not been
kept.

CIVILIZATION.

I leave thee, Common Man, thy work to do.

Yet, mark me, keep the roadway well in view.

Look upward, forward, for I caution thee

Great things upon life's roadway thou shalt
see.

[Exit, right.]

ANDREW.

"Look upward, forward!" Aye, indeed I will.

AWLAY.

Yet keep on working, working, working still.

[They begin to break stones in the roadway. Enter VERA and CORINNA, left. VERA carries a leather water-bottle and a bag of meal.]

VERA *[with a glad cry]*.

Ah! We have found thee, Andrew. We are
here

To see how we can help or bring thee cheer.

ANDREW *[kissing her forehead]*.

Brave woman, thou art ever near at need;

Thy courage and thy love are great indeed!

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

VERA.

Corinna, greet thy father tenderly;
He starts upon his journey now, we see.
[CORINNA *kisses father.*]

ANDREW.

We start upon our journey, thou shouldst say.
I would not go if thou, my wife, shouldst stay.

VERA.

Nay, I am with thee all thy thoughts to feel.
See, here is water and a bag of meal.

[She hands leather bottle, from which ANDREW drinks. Child scoops out meal with a wooden bowl and hands it to father. He eats. AWLAY continues working.]

ANDREW.

Feed my companion, Vera; he's a friend
To travel with me to my journey's end.

VERA and CORINNA give food to AWLAY. *As he is eating, there is a blast of trumpets and the sound of shouting and music. Music, "The Conquering Hero." Enter TRUMPETERS and DANCERS in Roman costume. ANDREW, AWLAY, VERA, and CORINNA draw back to the left-hand front corner of the stage. The DANCERS dance down to the front, and then form two lines, leaving an open-*

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

ing up center of stage. ROMAN SOLDIERS enter at rear, left, and form a line facing rear of stage, with back to audience. Enter a great CONQUEROR, escorted by a body-guard. The SOLDIERS stand at attention. The DANCERS bow with their heads to the ground.]

SOLDIERS, TRUMPETERS, and DANCERS.

Hail to thee, Conqueror!

Hail to thee, hero!

[The CONQUEROR marches to the center of stage, rear, then advances down center between DANCERS. He is accompanied by GUARDS and GENERALS.]

VERA [*left, front, aside to ANDREW*].

Perchance this is the King whom now we see.

ANDREW [*aside to VERA*].

Hush! Let us wait. Indeed it may be he.

CONQUEROR [*glancing about haughtily*].

What is this roadway? Speak! Can any tell?

Why silence? Are you all beneath a spell?

FIRST GENERAL [*bowing low*].

Oh, Conqueror, I ne'er have seen the place.

SECOND GENERAL [*bowing low*].

'Tis new to me. No landmark can I trace.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

CONQUEROR [*angrily*].

Bring on those slaves—those captives of my
might.

Perchance they'll tell me of the place aright.

[*A GUARD goes out, left, rear.*]

Whate'er the place, 'twill doubtless soon be mine.
Throughout the world my conquests brightly
shine.

My name is feared wherever man hath birth.
The Conqueror is king of all the earth!

[*Enter GUARD with several SLAVES, men and women. Their hands are chained behind them and their heads are drooping. GUARD motions them to kneel in front of the CONQUEROR.*]

CONQUEROR.

Ha! Now your haughty heads are drooping low!
So heads shall droop wherever I may go.
Speak! Canst thou tell the name this place may
bear?

[*The SLAVES look around, but shake their heads mournfully.*]

Then take them back, and have them watched
with care.

[*GUARDS take SLAVES out.*]

Can none this name before your Conqueror
bring?

ANDREW [*from left*].

Oh, Conqueror! 'Tis the Highway of the King.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

CONQUEROR.

Who speaks? Come forth! I would thy features
scan.

GUARD [*leading ANDREW*].

He's here, Great Conqueror! 'Tis a Common
Man!

CONQUEROR.

A Common Man? How dared he speak to me?

ANDREW [*firmly, but fearfully*].

Thou asked a question, and I answered thee.

CONQUEROR.

Down on thy knees! A Conqueror puts thee
there!

Happy art thou, if he thy life shall spare.

[ANDREW *sinks to knees, trembling.*

VERA *sobs.* CONQUEROR *hears her.*]

More common people! Kneel, ye common
herd!

And hear with gratitude a Conqueror's word.

[VERA, CORINNA, and AWLAY *kneel.*

CONQUEROR *turns again to ANDREW.*]

Now, Common Man, what road is this we tread?

ANDREW.

It is the King's Highway, I've heard it said.

CONQUEROR.

Then it is mine. I'm king where'er I go!

ANDREW.

Thou mayst be king, but that I do not know!

[*The CONQUEROR's followers gasp.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

CONQUEROR [*furiously*].

Thou dost not know? I tell thee I am king!
The whip this fellow's senses soon will bring!

[GUARD *strikes* ANDREW *with whip*.
He shrinks back, left.]

Lead on! This Highway shall be mine, I vow!
For all the world before me soon will bow!

[TRUMPETERS *blow blast and lead off*,
right, followed by DANCERS, GUARDS,
GENERALS, *and* CONQUEROR.]

CORINNA.

Was that the real King whom we now did see?

ANDREW.

Nay, sweet Corinna. Nay. That was not he.
For joy and peace and love he sure will bring.
We still must wait. We have not seen the King.

[*A bright light shines in from the right*
—a rainbow, if possible.]

VERA.

A light! A light the heavens seems to span.

ANDREW.

A beam of promise for the Common Man!

[ANDREW *and* AWLAY *go on working.*]

[*Curtain.*]

EPISODE II

THE MEDIEVAL HIGHWAY

SCENE.—*The same highway at another point. In the distance are seen castles. (Distant scene may be omitted.)*

Curtain rises, discovering ANDREW and AWLAY at work, breaking stones, near the center of the stage, front. ANDREW is dressed as a peasant of the Middle Ages.

ANDREW.

And so we're still at work, my hardy friend.
When think'st thou that our patient toil will
end?

AWLAY.

He tastes no happiness who'll labor shirk,
For happiness and peace are earned by work.

ANDREW.

Yet would my hammer have a heartier ring
Had I the commendation of the King.
For I was promised what some day must be—
The King in all his glory I shall see.

[He looks off, left.]

Here Vera comes; she surely brings good cheer.
The scene grows brighter as her step draws near.

*[Enter VERA, carrying a stone bottle
of water and a basket of dark bread.]*

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

VERA is dressed in fashion of peasants of the Middle Ages.]

Now welcome, noble wife. Toil seems but
light

When thou art near to keep the roadway
bright.

[VERA sets down bottle, takes out cup and pours water. Then gives bread.]

VERA.

Here's water pure, and bread but freshly made.

[They eat and drink.]

How fares thy work? Has aught thy progress
stayed?

ANDREW.

Nay. On we go to make the roadway clear;
Some day the King will on this road appear.

VERA *[looking left]*.

Here comes Corinna full of childish glee.

Some merry thing upon the road must be.

[Enter CORINNA, running and laughing.]

CORINNA.

Oh, Mother, Father, look, a jester gay,

All full of spritely tricks and jokes and play!

[Enter, left, the King's JESTER, dressed in cap and bells and carrying the usual jester's scepter with bells. He dances in and turns somersaults across the stage.]

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

JESTER [*righting himself and nodding his head in time to his words*].

Of all men's work I do a half.

'Tis mine to make the people laugh!

Then jingle, jingle!

Spingle! spingle!

Listen to a little chaff.

Ha! Ha!

[*VERA and CORINNA stand, left, laughing.*]

ANDREW.

'Tis good to have thee, little jester, here;

Thou makest the labor lighter with thy cheer.

JESTER [*as before*].

Now that is just what I am for.

'Tis mine to open wide the door.

Then jingle, jingle!

Spingle, spingle!

I let the sunshine flood the floor.

Ha! Ha!

[*He turns a somersault.*]

ANDREW.

Now canst thou tell us any proper thing

About this noble Highway of the King?

JESTER.

A roadway 'tis from left to right;

It onward goes till out of sight.

Then jingle, jingle!

Spingle, spingle!

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

Make good the road with all thy might!
Ha! Ha!

VERA.

Aye! But the King who owns the road, pray tell
Canst thou but show us where this King may
dwell?

JESTER.

Now mark me well and write me down.
I am the King—all but the gown!
Then jingle, jingle!
Spingle, spingle!
I'll doff my cap and show my crown.
Ha! Ha!

*[Takes off hat and shows top of head.
All laugh.]*

ANDREW.

But of a truth this King we fain would see,
For we would know how noble he may be.

JESTER.

A fool's a king, though not to rule;
His throne is but a little stool.
Then jingle, jingle!
Spingle, spingle!
A king may sometimes be a fool.
Ha! Ha!
[They laugh. A blast of music is heard.]

Hark! 'Tis the King in very deed.
Then hide thee, fool, with greatest speed,

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

[*He hides to right. ANDREW, AWLAY, VERA, and CORINNA draw back, left. A clatter of horses is heard, left. Enter a HERALD.*]

HERALD.

Make way for the King!

[*All watch. Enter a number of LADIES and GENTLEMEN in riding-habit of the Middle Ages. The GENTLEMEN gallantly lead the LADIES. They form an avenue and bow low as the KING enters. The KING is dressed in the fashion of the Middle Ages. He stands, angrily, center, with GUARDS right and left.*]

KING [*indicating land at rear*].

Whose land is this, with fertile field and dell?
Rich stores should come from this. Whose is
it, tell?

FIRST BARON [*bowing*].

'Tis mine, O King, and 'twas my father's, too.
And for this land to thee I homage do.

KING.

Then give me gold, since thou my vassal art.
You barons will not from your hoardings part.

FIRST BARON [*bowing*].

Nay, by thy leave, fair Liege, I paid my dues.
Nay, hear me all! More money I refuse!

[*All aghast.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

KING [*furiously*].

What, wretch! Refuse thy King, thy overlord?

FIRST BARON.

No feudal service bids me this afford!

Thou art the King, but man some rights can
hold.

Thy tyranny hast made thy subjects bold!

KING.

Then thou shalt straight a monarch's fury know!

[*To GUARDS.*]

Put him in chains and to the dungeon go!

SEVERAL BARONS.

Hold, hold, my Liege!

KING.

Nay, silence, every one!

The King hath spoken; let his word be done!

[*Chains are placed on the BARON and
he is led off, left.*]

We'll take this roadway straight across his
land,

That all the realms my will may understand.

ANDREW [*coming forward and kneeling*].

Nay, by thy leave, this is the King's Highway,

He who will tread it on some future day!

KING [*disdainfully*].

What have we here? What creature blocks my
path?

SECOND BARON.

A Common Man has braved a monarch's wrath!

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

KING.

Put chains upon him. He shall rue the day
He dared a monarch's judgment to delay!

[*The GUARDS put chains on ANDREW.*

VERA and CORINNA weep. AWLAY
stands in a despairing attitude.]

Now on! I am the overlord of all.

Let no man cross me, be he great or small!

[*Exeunt KING and GUARDS, back, right, followed by LADIES and some BARONS. After KING passes out, other BARONS discuss angrily together.*]

[*Enter CIVILIZATION, right, front.*]

CIVILIZATION [*aside*].

The time has come when I a step may take.

The progress of the world is now at stake.

[*BARONS go out, talking.*]

ANDREW [*seeing CIVILIZATION*].

Civilization, dost thou see my plight?

Man cannot work when rulers do not right.

CIVILIZATION.

Fear not, O Common Man, thou shalt be
free.

The world awakes! Thy rights it soon will
see!

[*Exit CIVILIZATION, right, back. JESTER, who has been hiding, right, advances to center.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

JESTER [*in stage whisper*].

So, too much power does not pay.

Old monarchy will have its day.

Then jingle, jingle!

Spingle, spingle!

The King's a fool, the jesters say.

Ha! Ha!

[*He laughs, turns a few somersaults, and exits, right, back. A shout is heard, off right.*]

[*Enter CIVILIZATION, carrying a document having seals, etc. He is followed by BARONS, much excited.*]

ANDREW.

What news? The Common Man would know
the news.

SECOND BARON.

Here's news enough, if tidings thou wouldst
choose!

THIRD BARON.

The King hath signed a charter for his land;
His name is plainly writ in letters grand.

CIVILIZATION [*reading*].

“No freeman shall in prison e'er be bound
Unless in court he shall be guilty found.
No taxes shall the King by right receive
Unless the Council shall have given leave.
All justice shall with righteousness be stayed,
Nor bought, nor sold, denied, nor yet delayed.”

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

VERA [*eagerly, to ANDREW*].

Then thou art free! These heavy chains must fall!

SECOND BARON.

Hold! I will loose them. We are freemen all!

[*He takes chains from the COMMON MAN. WORK straightens up. CORINNA claps her hands.*]

ANDREW.

Civilization, what is this thou hast?

What brings the Common Man this hope at last?

CIVILIZATION [*holding up document*].

Lift up thy head and greet the dawning day.

The Magna Charta lights the King's Highway!

[*CIVILIZATION stands, center, holding up Magna Charta and surrounded by BARONS. ANDREW, VERA, CORINNA stand left, center, lifting their hands toward the Magna Charta. Music, last bars of "Rule Britannia." Peasants' dance may be introduced here, or at beginning of episode.*]

[*Curtain.*]

EPISODE III

THE MODERN HIGHWAY

SCENE.—*The highway at a third point. At back are seen legislative buildings. (Back scene may be omitted, if desired.) There is a stand for flag, forward at right.*

Curtain rises, discovering ANDREW and AWLAY at work farther along the road, right, front. ANDREW is dressed in corduroys.

ANDREW.

Ah! will the road be fit for royal feet?

AWLAY.

When made by honest labor, it is meet.

ANDREW.

Some spirit bids me feel that hope is near.

At hand the strains of liberty I hear.

[*Music, "Star-spangled Banner."*]

[*Enter CIVILIZATION, right, accompanied by UNITED STATES and ATTENDANT, carrying large American flag. ANDREW and AWLAY remove hats.*]

CIVILIZATION.

Behold this standard! Wide the banner fling!
Let it protect the Highway of the King!

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

[FLAG-BEARER *places flag in stand, left.*]

ANDREW.

What is this starry banner that we see?

CIVILIZATION.

Rejoice! It is the emblem of the free!

[*To ATTENDANT.*]

Call Justice here, and also Liberty;

The Common Man's protectors they shall be.

[*Exit ATTENDANT, right.*]

[*Enter VERA and CORINNA, left. They are dressed as modern working-people.*

VERA carries dinner-pail.]

CORINNA [*as she runs in.*]

A banner, Mother, red and white and blue!

How bright it looks. It makes me happy, too!

[*She dances.*]

VERA [*crossing to ANDREW and looking at flag.*]

'Tis beautiful indeed! It gives me strength!

[*Draws herself up.*]

I seem to feel my powers astir at length.

UNITED STATES.

Women and children well this flag may hail;

'Tis a protection that will never fail.

[*VERA and CORINNA stand gazing at flag.*]

[*Enter ATTENDANT, left, followed by JUSTICE and LIBERTY. JUSTICE is dressed in long, white robe, is blind-*

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

folded and carries scales. She is led by LIBERTY in white robe with liberty cap, etc. They stand left and right of flag.]

LIBERTY [*lifting arms with gesture of freedom*].

Beneath this banner is my rightful place;
Here chains of bondage I can soon efface.

JUSTICE [*holding scales*].

Here some day all shall find the rights of law,
Near to this standard the oppressed shall
draw.

ANDREW.

Is it the Common Man this law controls?

CIVILIZATION.

He voices his opinion at the polls.
Some of his number meet to legislate;
Thus he controls a noble nation's fate.

ANDREW.

Civilization, all I owe to you.

Oh, give me knowledge now my work to do!

CIVILIZATION [*to ATTENDANT*].

Bring hither Education to assist.

Republics all her wisdom must enlist.

[*Exit ATTENDANT, right.*]

[*VERA and CORINNA have drawn near to UNITED STATES.*]

VERA.

And are these gifts for us to know as well?
May we beneath this banner safely dwell?

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

CIVILIZATION.

This flag gives woman opportunity,
To children education full and free.

[*Enter EDUCATION, right. She is dressed in cap and gown and comes in smiling.*]

EDUCATION.

At last a place where I all men may reach,
With public schools where I may freely teach.
[*She stands near flag, right.*]

ANDREW.

Now all seems well. We lack not anything.
This all must bode the coming of the King!

CIVILIZATION.

Oh, Common Man, a struggle yet must be;
No true man can enjoy his liberty
While others are oppressed by tyrant's hand,
And warlike monsters devastate the land.
I'll stay with thee, for strength thou'lt surely
need;

A great ordeal's before thee, so take heed!

[*CIVILIZATION takes ANDREW's hand. VERA stands looking in wonder. CORINNA wanders about, picking flowers. Music. A loud explosion is heard, left. CORINNA looks off stage, left, screams, and runs to her mother.*]

[*Enter, at rear of stage, right, a group of REFUGEES, carrying bundles, etc.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

One mother has a baby. They are all hurrying away from something, and looking fearfully over shoulders. Following them, but walking backward, is BELGIUM, dressed in black, and carrying in the right hand the Belgian flag, and in the left hand a lighted torch. As she walks backward, protecting those behind her, she faces MILITARISM, who enters, right, followed by PESTILENCE and FAMINE. MILITARISM has an upraised sword, pointed toward the heart of BELGIUM. The group reaches left of the center rear of stage. Heavy, mournful music.]

MILITARISM [*speaking between his teeth*].

Come, lower that torch. I hate its flaunting light!

Thou now must yield all power unto might!

[BELGIUM holds torch higher and looks fearlessly at MILITARISM.]

MILITARISM [*continuing*].

Insolent weakling, yield or thou must die;
World conquest now or downfall is my cry!
My underlings will lay thy country low;
For larger prey they instantly must go!

BELGIUM [*calmly*].

They shall not pass! The torch of liberty
I hold aloft for all the world to see!

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

MILITARISM [*laughing hoarsely*].

What canst thou do, for I am great and strong?
Down to the earth, for there dost thou belong!
[*Strikes BELGIUM with sword. BELGIUM sinks down upon one knee, but still holds torch aloft. MILITARISM motions to PESTILENCE and FAMINE, who go among REFUGEES, touching them. As they are touched some sink to ground.*]

BELGIUM [*looking toward LIBERTY*].

Sweet Liberty, my people die for thee;
Call others now thy worthy knights to be.
[*LIBERTY crosses to BELGIUM and supports her.*]

LIBERTY [*beckoning to left of stage*].

Come, sister nations, there is work to do;
A noble cause is here awaiting you!
[*Enter, left, FRANCE, RUSSIA, BRITAIN, and ITALY, dressed in white robes and carrying national flags.*]

BELGIUM [*sinking, but still holding torch*].

My body weakens, but my soul is true;
Dear sisters, now the torch I give to you!
[*She passes torch to FRANCE.*]

FRANCE [*charging forward toward MILITARISM and holding up torch*].

Back, monster! Still my children shall be free,
For France upholds the torch of liberty!

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

[MILITARISM *shrinks a little, but still looks defiant.* FRANCE *passes torch to RUSSIA.*]

RUSSIA [*holding torch aloft*].

The light of liberty to me is new.

I hold the torch and try my part to do!

[MILITARISM *shrinks a little, but smiles craftily.* RUSSIA *passes torch to BRITAIN.*]

BRITAIN [*holding torch proudly*].

The Anglo-Saxon speaks. Thy doom is nigh!

On land and sea I hold the beacon high!

[MILITARISM *shrinks, then crouches as if to spring.* BRITAIN *passes torch to ITALY.*]

ITALY [*uplifting torch*].

The torch of liberty shall shine for all.

We'll stand together or the world will fall!

[MILITARISM *growls angrily and is about to leap forward.*]

ANDREW [*as VERA tries to silence him*].

Nay, hold me not! Stop, military lord!

Canst thou from Common Man a word afford?

A Conqueror came upon this road before;

His day is gone. He owns the road no more.

MILITARISM [*snarling and striding toward ANDREW*].

Thou dar'st to speak! Then thou shalt be my slave!

The Common Man is but a paltry knave!

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

I'll rule the world, and thou shalt follow me;
But first thy wife and child shalt fettered be!

[*Strides toward VERA and CORINNA.*

UNITED STATES *steps quickly up to ITALY, and, taking the torch, raises it high above her head, flying swiftly toward MILITARISM. Music suggesting conflict followed by victory, as MILITARISM, taken by surprise, falls to the ground. UNITED STATES takes sword from MILITARISM and slays him. Then, placing her foot upon his body, she holds the torch high as there is a burst of triumphal music.*

REFUGEES kneel in prayer.]

UNITED STATES.

I could no longer wait. Man, thou art free!

Columbia holds the torch of liberty!

Ah, sister nations, let us join in peace,

And plan a league to bid all warfare cease!

ANDREW.

The King! The King! Ah, tell me, where is he?

CIVILIZATION.

Look to the future. There the King will be.

[*Curtain.*]

EPISODE IV

THE FUTURE HIGHWAY

SCENE.—*The highway at a fourth point. At back are seen chimneys and other indications of trade and commerce. (Back scene may be omitted, if desired.)*

Curtain rises, discovering ANDREW and AWLAY at work farther along the road, extreme right, front. Dress as in Episode III.

[NOTE.—*In this act the language shows a change, as adapted to the modern workaday world.*]

ANDREW.

Tyrants are conquered now, and hope is near.
Perhaps the King himself will soon appear.

AWLAY.

We'll work and hope, then welcome peace and
joy.

None can be sad when hours they well employ.
[*Enter CIVILIZATION, right.*]

ANDREW.

Perhaps you've come to lead me to the King.

CIVILIZATION.

Nay, Common Man, but other things I bring.
[*A noise is heard, left. Enter VERA and CORINNA, running. They stand*

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

near ANDREW. Enter, left, a number of working-men and -women, with some children. They are talking excitedly.]

FIRST WORKING-MAN [*above the others*].

Shall we endure our labor thus to give,
The pay affording not enough to live?

ALL.

No! No!

[Enter CAPITAL, left. He is dressed in the street dress of a rich man of the time. He may enter in an automobile and alight. The crowd draws back, left and right. CAPITAL walks to center.]

CAPITAL.

What is this uproar? What this noise and stir?

SECOND WORKING-MAN.

Your factory hands demand fair treatment, sir!

CAPITAL.

You are not starving. What do you demand?

You speak as if you truly owned the land!

FIRST WORKING-MAN.

Shall we spend hours in poorly lighted shops,
Without our portion of the nation's crops?

ALL.

No! No!

SECOND WORKING-MAN.

Are we not men with muscle, brain, and heart?
In commerce take we not an active part?

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

ALL.

Yes! Yes!

FIRST WOMAN.

I care not for the present nation's wealth,
I'm looking to the *future* nation's health.
We women ask conditions safe and clean,
And working-hours that health and strength
shall mean.

SECOND WOMAN [*caressing child*].

For children we demand their time for play,
The life of childhood, not to work for pay.

CAPITAL.

Come, come, my money keeps you all alive,
Upon my wages only you can thrive.
For business governs all on this highway,
And Capital is ruler all men say.

ANDREW [*stepping forward*].

Nay. Let me, friend, some information bring.
This road is still the Highway of the King!
[*All look at him.*]

CAPITAL.

And who are you? Pray let me know your name.

ANDREW.

I am a Common Man, unknown to fame.
Civilization long has taught to me
That I shall know the King when him I see.
Joy, Peace, and Love will come when he is
here,
Yet these with Capital do not appear.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

I wait the King. He'll come in his own day.
When that will be I truly cannot say.

CAPITAL [*scornfully*].

You're but an upstart; I'll not hark to you.

FIRST WORKING-MAN.

Nay, he is right!

SECOND WORKING-MAN.

I like his sayings, too.

FIRST WOMAN.

The Common Man? Perhaps *he* is the king!

SECOND WOMAN.

Why not? It is a very likely thing.

SEVERAL MEN.

A throne! A throne! The Common Man
is king!

[*Several run out.*]

OTHERS.

He is our monarch. Let his praises ring!

[*Enter several, with a low platform or box, which is placed in center. They set ANDREW upon it. CAPITAL stands contemptuously watching. Music.*]

FIRST WOMAN.

Bring a true woman. She shall be our queen!

[*VERA is placed beside ANDREW.*]

SECOND WOMAN.

And place the little princess here between.

[*They place CORINNA between her parents.*]

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

FIRST MAN.

Now, where is Labor? He's our helper true.
[*Seeing AWLAY.*]

Ah, here is Labor. Let him be there, too.

[*AWLAY sits at foot of platform.*]

[*ANDREW is trying to speak, but they have not allowed him.*]

ANDREW [*at last*].

Nay! I'm no king! Where is my castle bold?

SECOND MAN.

"A man's house is his castle," I've been told!

FIRST WOMAN.

That saying's from the Revolution, too!

ANDREW.

And yet, my friends, the saying is not true!

FIRST MAN.

Not true, oh, Common Man! What mean you there?

ANDREW.

Shall man unto his castle walls repair,
Pull up the bridge and fill the frowning moat,
And o'er his liberty in safety gloat?

No man is safe while others feel distress;

No man is just while any can oppress.

Come, Capital. Will you not share the throne?

CAPITAL [*at left*].

Nay, I feel safer standing all alone!

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

AWLAY.

And Labor likes his own devices best,
So Capital is not a welcome guest.

ANDREW.

Civilization, come, I need you here.

CIVILIZATION [*entering, right, with ATTENDANT*].

And since you need me I will straight
appear.

ANDREW.

Show us some way that we may all join
hands,

Some friend to help us settle all demands.

CIVILIZATION.

'Tis Arbitration whom you sorely need.

[*To ATTENDANT.*]

Bring Arbitration who's a friend indeed.

[*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

When all the world can learn to arbitrate,

No strife is needed to decide our fate.

[*Enter ATTENDANT, followed by ARBITRATION. ARBITRATION is dressed in white and carries a book of law. As she enters she brings JUSTICE and LIBERTY to front of throne.*]

ARBITRATION.

Civilization calls, so I am here;

I stand with Liberty and Justice dear.

True Liberty is Liberty for all,

And Justice comes at Arbitration's call.

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

Come, Education! Without you I'm mute.

[*Enter EDUCATION.*]

Now we are here. Pray tell us the dispute.

ANDREW.

Make Capital and Labor friends, I pray.

They've been disputing on the King's Highway.

ARBITRATION [*taking AWLAY's hand*].

How I have longed to reconcile these two!

Labor, you're needed; Wealth we must have
you.

[*Looks from one to the other.*]

Let's make some laws to which we'll all agree,
And Education shall our writer be.

[*Hands EDUCATION the book.*]

AWLAY.

Shall I have leave to speak in these same
laws?

ARBITRATION.

You shall have leave to freely plead your
cause.

CAPITAL.

Will my experience help these laws to frame?

ARBITRATION.

Were you left out the laws would be to blame.

CAPITAL.

Then I am ready quite to arbitrate.

[*Comes forward to ARBITRATION.*]

AWLAY.

And I accept this way to guide my fate.

THE HIGHWAY OF THE KING

ARBITRATION [*joining their hands*].

To-morrow on the Highway we shall meet
To make our peace and happiness complete.

[*The WORKING-PEOPLE cheer.*]

ANDREW [*coming down from platform with VERA and CORINNA*].

Man is not King, for Love, and Joy, and Peace
Come not to make all doubt forever cease.
Civilization, mount the throne and show
How Common Man the King of Kings shall
know.

CIVILIZATION [*on platform*].

Join hands, if you would truly know the King,
For comradeship Peace, Joy, and Love will
bring.

[*All join hands.*]

[*Music. Enter LOVE, right, dressed in pink decorated with garlands of roses. She may dance. Also PEACE, left, in white, carrying an olive branch. They join hands gracefully, then stand right and left of platform.*]

ANDREW [*eagerly*].

Joy! Joy! I feel that joy is coming, too!

JOY [*entering, right*].

She comes with her attendants unto you.

[*JOY is dressed in gold and is followed by about a dozen DANCERS, also in gold. They perform a dance of joy,*

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

*going in and out among the actors,
and finally sit in a semicircle toward
the front of the stage.]*

VERA.

Civilization, teach us to increase

This wondrous fellowship of Joy and Peace.

CIVILIZATION.

God is the King! The highway here is life,
Where all the ages come in ardent strife.

The Common Man with Labor by his side
Works year by year upon the roadway wide;
Civilization helps him on his way,

Till he at last shall find the perfect day,
When men and women hand in hand will go,
No rank, no pride, no war nor bondage know;
Then Arbitration comes and all is well,
Peace, Joy, and Love, with man shall ever dwell.

Nations shall banish envy, hate, and ire,
Strong brotherhood shall keep the holy fire;
So shall the King of Kings be ever near
To banish weary sorrow, strife, and fear.

Then let us join the Common Man and bring
Sweet Concord to the Highway of the King.

[CHORUS: "*These Things Shall Be.*"¹]

[*Curtain.*]

¹Music by J. Hatton. Words by J. A. Symonds. Assembly Song Book. A. S. Barnes & Co.

V

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

A PATRIOTIC PLAY

(Suitable for school exercises, or any kind of entertainment where patriotic appeal is desired)

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

MRS. SLACKER.—*Fashionable afternoon dress; ear-rings; carries lorgnette.*

MARTHA.—*Black dress; white maid's apron and cap.*

ALPHONSO SLACKER.—*Rain-coat and cap. Later, dressing-gown or suit.*

MRS. LOYAL.—*Simple walking-dress and hat; carries bag containing letter.*

FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL.—*Ordinary afternoon dress; carries card.*

RED CROSS GIRL.—*Regulation Red Cross uniform.*

YOUNG LADY.—*Street dress.*

BOY SCOUT.—*Regulation uniform.*

COLUMBIA.—*White robe draped in American flag. At first she is enveloped in long, dark cape with hood.*

PROLOGUE

The dark day brings the adder out,
 "And that craves wary walking";
And times of peril without doubt
 Find slackers boldly stalking.

Now adders will be adders still
 (Or so it is asserted),
But never give up slackers till
 At last they're all converted.

'Tis Mrs. Slacker now appears;
 Watch all that may transpire.
You'll scorn her just at first, my dears,
 But later you'll admire.

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

A Patriotic Play

SCENE.—*A room in MRS. SLACKER'S home. Chairs right, left, and center. Period of the World War.*

[Enter MRS. SLACKER, left, with maid.

MRS. SLACKER'S manner is affected.

She carries a lorgnette.]

MRS. SLACKER. Now, Martha, be sure to have a good luncheon, for you know Mr. Alphonso is at home to-day, and the dear boy loves good things to eat.

MARTHA. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. SLACKER. Have plenty of meat, nice white bread, and, above all, plenty of sugar.

MARTHA. If you please, Mrs. Slacker, they do say there's a shortage of sugar, 'count of the war, ma'am.

MRS. SLACKER. Nonsense! My grocer won't dare refuse sugar to me. I'm a good customer, you know. Don't worry about that, Martha. Just use all the sugar you need. My poor dear boy has a sweet tooth.

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MARTHA. Very well, ma'am.

[*Exit, right.*]

MRS. SLACKER [*taking up novel and yawning*]. These war scares are certainly annoying. Why should respectable people be short of sugar just because Congress chooses to go to war?

[*Enter ALPHONSO, right. He wears a long rain-coat and swaggers in.*]

ALPHONSO. Hello, Mother!

MRS. SLACKER [*starting*]. Oh, Alphonso, how you frightened me! Where have you been?

ALPHONSO. I just took a little walk. Down here at the armory a man was trying to get me to enlist.

MRS. SLACKER [*throwing up her hands*]. Enlist! How dreadful! Don't you do anything of the kind! Why, you're only twenty years old, and your mother's darling boy. Why should you enlist?

ALPHONSO. That's what I say. Let the other fellows get shot if they want to. I'll stay at home and—and—and—take care of the country. Besides, I can't give up my career.

MRS. SLACKER. Quite right, Alphonso. Your career is very important. Of course you haven't started on it yet, but you may start any day.

ALPHONSO [*sitting down lazily*]. That's what I say, Mother. Still, if the war lasts another year, I suppose I may be drafted.

MRS. SLACKER. No indeed! I'll not let them

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

take you! I'll move right to—to Peru, or—or—Mexico, or some place like that, where they can't get you.

[*Enter MARTHA with letter.*]

MARTHA. Here's a letter that's been returned for postage, Mrs. Slacker.

MRS. SLACKER [*taking letter*]. Postage! Why, there's a two-cent stamp on it!

ALPHONSO. They're charging three cents now, Mother. War tax, you know.

MRS. SLACKER. Three cents, to send a letter to Hoboken! It isn't worth it!

ALPHONSO. Maybe not, but that's the law.

MRS. SLACKER [*tearing up letter*]. Well, I declare! I won't send the letter. They're not going to get a war tax out of me!

[*Exit MARTHA, right.*]

ALPHONSO. I had to pay a war tax on those theater tickets I bought.

MRS. SLACKER. It's scandalous! What is the country coming to?

[*Enter MRS. LOYAL.*]

MRS. LOYAL. Oh, Mrs. Slacker, I couldn't keep the news to myself! I've just received a letter from my son at Spartanburg!

MRS. SLACKER. He's sick, I suppose. Take a seat, Mrs. Loyal.

MRS. LOYAL [*sitting*]. No, he's not sick. He says camp life quite agrees with him. Let me read you

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

just one paragraph. [*Reading.*] "Now, Mother, I don't want you to be worried, for Uncle Sam is taking good care of me, and I am very, very proud to be working for Uncle Sam. Imagine how I should feel, when the whole civilized world is working to make a safe way for democracy, if I should stay at home and enjoy the safety secured by other fellows. Your son could never do that. So I am going across the ocean to lend my strength to put down tyranny and to establish a world peace."

MRS. SLACKER. Very high-sounding words, Mrs. Loyal, but wait until he's in those trenches. He'll sing a different song then.

MRS. LOYAL. No, he won't, Mrs. Slacker. You don't know Arthur Loyal. He'll be faithful through thick and thin. His grandfather fought for the Union at the battle of Antietam, and he'll fight in France with the same spirit. You don't know how proud I am of him. You'll never understand the feeling until your own boy goes.

ALPHONSO. Nothing doing!

MRS. SLACKER. No indeed! Alphonso is not going over to those muddy trenches to stand up to his waist in water! We didn't ask President Wilson to go to war. What have we to do with it?

MRS. LOYAL. Don't speak that way, Mrs. Slacker. You do not understand. President Wilson couldn't go to war unless the people stood

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

back of him. And they do stand back of him—millions of them, because they know it is a just and righteous war.

MRS. SLACKER [*shrugging her shoulders*]. Oh, well, I never did understand politics!

MRS. LOYAL. But think of the mothers and the little children, cruelly driven from their homes in Belgium! Must we not get their homes back again for them?

MRS. SLACKER. What are the Belgians to me? Foreign people are entirely different from us. They probably do not care where they live.

MRS. LOYAL [*earnestly*]. Oh, do not talk that way, Mrs. Slacker! Many of those poor people are sick and starving.

MRS. SLACKER. Why will you talk of such unpleasant things? It makes me quite ill. Alphonso, please get me my smelling-salts.

[*Exit ALPHONSO, left.*]

Really, Mrs. Loyal, I wish you wouldn't talk about these things before Alphonso. I am so afraid that he might be influenced. He's so sensitive!

[*Enter ALPHONSO with smelling-salts.*]

Thank you, Alphonso. As you were saying, Mrs. Loyal, it is unusually cold for the season. I insisted that Alphonso wear his rain-coat, for fear he would catch cold.

MRS. LOYAL [*rising*]. I fear I must be going,

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

Mrs. Slacker. I must finish some garments for the Red Cross.

MRS. SLACKER [*rising*]. Oh, must you really be going? I'm so sorry. Well, good morning. I hope that your son will not contract pneumonia or anything like that. It's so draughty in those camps.

[*Hurries her toward door.*]

MRS. LOYAL. Good morning, Mrs. Slacker.

[*Exit, right.*]

MRS. SLACKER. How tiresome she is! Always talking about that Arthur of hers. You'd think he was commander-in-chief of the army!

ALPHONSO [*rising and stretching*]. I think I'll go and take a nap.

MRS. SLACKER. Yes, do. You look quite pale after your walk, and you'll need a rest before going to the theater to-night.

[*Exit ALPHONSO, left.*]

Poor boy. Nearly all his friends are away. I must think of some way to amuse him.

[*Enter MARTHA, right, conducting FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL. Exit MARTHA.*]

FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL. Good morning, Mrs. Slacker. Would you like to become a member of the United States Food-saving Army?

MRS. SLACKER. I don't like armies. What's it for?

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL. You just have to sign this card saying that you will, as far as possible, carry out the suggestions of the Food Administration in Washington.

MRS. SLACKER. What suggestions?

FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL. Well, you will be asked to have one meatless day a week, one wheatless day—

MRS. SLACKER [*interrupting*]. Oh, you want me to suit my meals to Mr. Hoover's taste, do you? Well, I just won't do it. My husband left me one hundred thousand dollars, and my son will have another hundred thousand when he is twenty-one; so you see I don't need to deny myself ordinary food.

FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL. But this is for the purpose of saving food for our soldiers at the front and for our allies who have borne more than three years of this terrible war, and who now depend upon us for food.

MRS. SLACKER. Well, *I shall eat just what I please*, so good morning!

FOOD CONSERVATION GIRL [*sadly*]. Good morning!

[*Exit, right.*]

MRS. SLACKER. What can Martha be thinking of to let such a person in? Oh, here's another!

[*Enter RED CROSS GIRL.*]

Well, what do you want?

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

RED CROSS GIRL. We are trying to get two hundred thousand members of the Red Cross for this borough. Will you join? It's only a dollar a year.

MRS. SLACKER. What good will it do me?

RED CROSS GIRL. It will give you an opportunity to send help across the sea to the poor wounded soldiers.

MRS. SLACKER. What did they go over there for?

RED CROSS GIRL. They went over under the Stars and Stripes to help fight in the army of liberty. At this minute many may be lying wounded, waiting for the bandages and other supplies which the Red Cross can send them.

MRS. SLACKER. Now don't talk about anything disagreeable! I am very sensitive. Please go away. I won't join *anything!*

[*Exit RED CROSS GIRL, sadly.*]

MRS. SLACKER. Dear me, I wonder what makes me feel so uneasy. I never spent such a disagreeable morning.

[*Enter YOUNG LADY.*]

YOUNG LADY. Good morning!

MRS. SLACKER [*starting*]. Oh! How do you do?

YOUNG LADY. Have you some good books that you no longer need?

MRS. SLACKER. If I have, they're put away. Why do you ask?

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

YOUNG LADY. The libraries are collecting books for the soldiers' hospitals.

MRS. SLACKER [*drawing back*]. What! Have you just come from a hospital?

[*Smells salts.*]

YOUNG LADY [*hastily*]. No, no; I have not been there. I want books to send to hospitals.

MRS. SLACKER. Well, I can't spend my time hunting books. Dear me! You have quite upset me. Please go away!

YOUNG LADY. Good morning!

[*Exit.*]

MRS. SLACKER. I wonder if she *had* come from a hospital! You can't trust these canvassers.

[*Enter Boy Scout.*]

BOY SCOUT [*politely*]. Madam, I am working for the new Liberty Loan.

MRS. SLACKER. What! You want to borrow money—at your age?

BOY SCOUT. Yes, Madam, I want to borrow money for Uncle Sam. We have sent a large army abroad, and we must see that our boys are supplied with all they need.

MRS. SLACKER. My boy has everything that he needs.

BOY SCOUT [*interested*]. Is your boy in France?

MRS. SLACKER. Certainly not! He's in the other room, taking a nap.

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BOY SCOUT. But don't you know that other American boys have gone to Europe, and that we must send food, clothing, and ammunition for them?

MRS. SLACKER. Food and clothing they could have taken in their trunks. As for ammunition, I consider it *dangerous*.

BOY SCOUT. But, Madam, the enemy may even now be attacking our regiments.

MRS. SLACKER. Oh! Oh! [*Uses salts.*] I know I shall be ill! Go away at once.

[*Exit BOY SCOUT in despair.*]

MRS. SLACKER [*smelling salts*]. Why should a quiet, refined lady be annoyed by such demands?

[*Enter ALPHONSO.*]

ALPHONSO. I couldn't get a good nap. Somehow I was thinking of Arthur Loyal's letter. He seems glad that he is in this war.

MRS. SLACKER. Now, Alphonso, if *you* begin, I shall lose all patience!

[*Enter COLUMBIA, disguised in a long, dark cape with a dark hood over her head.*]

Look! Look! Alphonso! Who is that?

COLUMBIA. It is a sad mother, Mrs. Slacker.

MRS. SLACKER [*nervously*]. Sit down.

[*ALPHONSO places a chair.*]

COLUMBIA [*sitting*]. Thank you.

MRS. SLACKER. What is the matter?

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

COLUMBIA. Alas! two of my children have deserted me!

ALPHONSO. Deserted you?

COLUMBIA. Yes. They will not support me.

MRS. SLACKER. Have *all* of your children left you?

COLUMBIA. Oh no, many, many of my children come to my support. But I have a great work to do, and there are some children who will not help me.

MRS. SLACKER. That is outrageous! Who are you?

COLUMBIA [*throwing off her cloak*]. Do you not know me, Mrs. Slacker?

MRS. SLACKER [*in great surprise and awe*]. Yes, I know you. You are—

ALPHONSO. She is Columbia!

COLUMBIA. Yes, I am Columbia, and you are my children. Listen to me. Long ago my children came across the great Atlantic to seek a home far from the power of the oppressor. Here I cared for them and guided them. Then the oppressor stretched his hand across the sea and tried to crush them with his mailed fist. Seven long years I fought for them, until at last they were free and independent.

As the years went by I was still their defender. When the Barbary pirates would demand tribute, I put down that base enemy. When foreign na-

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tions would take their seamen and their trade, I made the ocean safe for my sons. Again, when some of my dear children were held in bondage by their brothers, I strove through dreadful suffering to restore to them their freedom and to make my family strong and united. From that struggle I rose radiant and consecrated, ready ever to defend the cause of true democracy. When my weak neighbor, Cuba, suffered under the yoke of an oppressor, I sent my children to set her free and to drive the hand of tyranny from this hemisphere.

But my work is not yet finished. While one voice calls for deliverance from the heavy hand of the tyrant, Columbia cannot remain passive. Across the ocean, democracy is again threatened. I know that I still have youth and strength and that my sons are loyal and true. So I am sending them over there to fight in the ranks of civilization for the freedom of mankind.

Millions of my children are with me in this great work, toiling, striving, suffering. How thankful I am for their loyalty! But I cannot be perfectly happy while even *two* of my children are cold and indifferent. [*Appealing to* MRS. SLACKER *and* ALPHONSO.] Dear children, will *you* not help me by your sympathy at least? Will you not try to understand what I am doing? Will you not even lend a hand in this cause?

ALPHONSO [*breaking away from his mother*]. Yes,

THE CONVERSION OF MRS. SLACKER

yes, Columbia! I have been a wretched coward! I will join you. I will fight for liberty!

MRS. SLACKER [*wringing her hands*]. Oh, what can I say? What can I say? Is it really true that I have been disloyal to Columbia—to the United States? Why did no one explain it to me?

COLUMBIA. May I have your son?

MRS. SLACKER. Yes, yes! He is my dearest possession, but you may have him, and I will do all that I can for you. Indeed, indeed I will!

COLUMBIA. Then come, my children. Hand in hand we will work till this great task is finished. Then together we will comfort the bereaved and care for the helpless, looking for that great day when "sin shall be no more."

[*Curtain.*]

VI

HARDSHIPS AT VALLEY FORGE

A PATRIOTIC PLAY

*(Suitable for any occasion when a patriotic appeal
is to be made; or may be used merely as a
scene in the life of Washington)*

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES

NICHOLAS VAN BRUNT, A sentinel at Valley Forge	}	<i>Ragged Continental uniforms; worn shoes. Nicholas carries a gun. Wuter has a bandage on his leg.</i>
WUTER MARTENS, A Continental soldier		
GENERAL WASHINGTON.— <i>Officer's uniform; wears a cape. (Copy pictures in histories.)</i>		
WASHINGTON'S ORDERLY.— <i>Continental uniform.</i>		

VALLEY FORGE

(Speech preceding play)

During the winter of 1777 the American army under General Washington was encamped at Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia. It was a strong Tory country, and the inhabitants made little attempt to help the army. Neither government nor people was to be depended upon. Food and clothing were very scarce and the condition of the soldiers was pitiable.

We shall show by a little play something of the sufferings of that dreadful winter at Valley Forge. Imagine a bleak, snow-clad valley on a cold winter night. The wind is whistling through the trees, and the snow is falling. A sentinel paces up and down.

HARDSHIPS AT VALLEY FORGE

A Patriotic Play

SCENE.—*A road in Valley Forge, winter of 1777.*

NICHOLAS, *a sentinel, paces up and down. He stops, right, and blows on his hands to get warm. Then starts to march again. Enter, center, WUTER MARTENS, ragged, and limping with difficulty. His leg is bleeding from a long gash.*]

NICHOLAS [*stopping, with gun in position*]. Halt!
[*WUTER halts and with difficulty draws himself up to attention.*]

NICHOLAS. Password!

WUTER [*weakly*]. Banner!

NICHOLAS. Right! Your business?

WUTER. I've a message for the General; but he's not at headquarters. I was directed here.

NICHOLAS. He was here a short time since. You'll see him here again if you've a mind to wait.

WUTER. I've a mind to, indeed, for my leg pains me mortal bad.

NICHOLAS. What ails it?

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WUTER. I fell on a rock, half a mile back. My leg was wounded at the Battle of Long Island and I've never rightly managed it since.

[*He sinks down wearily.*]

NICHOLAS [*shivering*]. It's a cold night, mate!

WUTER. All the nights are cold in this part of the country, I'm thinkin'.

NICHOLAS. You're from New York, by your speech.

WUTER. Aye, that I am. My home's a few miles beyond the little village of Bedford Corners on Long Island.¹

NICHOLAS. I know that country. What road are you on?

WUTER. The Old Clove Road¹ they call it, on the way out toward Canarsie and the shore. Where are you from, mate?

NICHOLAS. I live in old Greenwich Village when I'm home. I'm not so far from you.

WUTER. Right, mate. I know the village well. I have visited it some when I crossed the East River.

NICHOLAS [*musling sadly*]. The folks at home would be sitting by the fire to-night.

WUTER. Aye, and eating a good meal, I'll venture, while we're nigh to starvin'.

NICHOLAS. Somethin' wrong, I'm thinkin'.

¹ Mention a local place.

HARDSHIPS AT VALLEY FORGE

There's food enough in the land, but none for the poor soldiers.

WUTER. No, nor clothing, either, nor blankets. What can the folks be thinkin' of? Can an army fight on empty stomachs? It's enough to make a man lose faith in the cause.

NICHOLAS. That it is! But I'll stick by General Washington through thick and thin!

WUTER. That's what's keepin' me true to my duty. I says to myself, "Wuter, if that big Virginia planter can hold up his head and keep his heart, a poor little Long Island chap ought to do the same." That's what I says.

NICHOLAS. [*straightening up*]. The General!

[WUTER *crawls painfully to his feet and stands at attention.*]

[*Enter, left, GENERAL WASHINGTON, followed by ORDERLY.*]

NICHOLAS. Halt! [WASHINGTON *halts.*] Password!

WASHINGTON. Banner!

NICHOLAS. Right! [*Salutes.*] General Washington, a soldier with a message, sir.

[*Resumes his march up and down.*]

WUTER *steps forward and salutes, handing paper.*]

WASHINGTON [*walking, left, and reading*]. "General Washington. Greeting. It is with great difficulty that I get my men to attend to regular

PLAYS AND PAGEANTS OF DEMOCRACY

camp duties. They have now been a week without flesh of any kind, and the grain is giving out. I am, sir, your obedient servant, John Stuart, Captain."

[*Speaking*]. How old are you, my lad?

WUTER. Seventeen, sir.

WASHINGTON. Are you keeping warm in your company?

WUTER [*saluting*]. Nay, General, we have but two blankets in the company, and none of us has a whole pair of shoes.

WASHINGTON. Alas! my man, your General feels for you. You are shivering, too.

WUTER [*sinking down weakly*]. Forgive me, General.

WASHINGTON. Here, take my cape.

[*He takes off his cape.*]

WUTER [*weakly*]. Nay, General!

WASHINGTON. Your General orders it. You must obey. [*To ORDERLY*]. Fasten it about him.

[*ORDERLY stoops to cover WUTER.*]

WASHINGTON *walks, left, musing.*]

These noble men! What hardships they endure. If only the people could realize how much they suffer, perhaps those comfortable farmers and townspeople would send aid. May God put it into their hearts to support the army of liberty! [*Turning to WUTER*]. Let me help you, my man.

HARDSHIPS AT VALLEY FORGE

[*Exeunt WASHINGTON and ORDERLY,
left, assisting WUTER.*]

NICHOLAS. He's a noble general, a noble man.
Oh, if only the people knew enough to stand by
so good a general!

[*Paces up and down, and then exit,
right, or curtain descends.*]

SPEECH AFTER THE PLAY

Such were the conditions at Valley Forge in 1777. The sickly soldier whom you saw came from Old Clove Road, which is now Nostrand Avenue. In Europe now there have been many soldiers from the vicinity of Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn.¹

General Washington had a few thousand soldiers under his care; General Pershing has cared for millions. The winter of 1777 was a bad one; the winter of 1919 may be even harder. Some of our boys will be in the Rhine Valley, surrounded by a hostile population. Some will be in Russia, where the winters are always severe.

Shall we allow these American boys to experience sufferings like those at Valley Forge? No, friends, we cannot do that. Our boys must have food, clothing, shelter, ammunition, and transportation. They must have all the comforts that it is possible to supply. Wherever our boys go our dollars must follow them.

After all, what is the use of our dollars without our boys? Will you help?

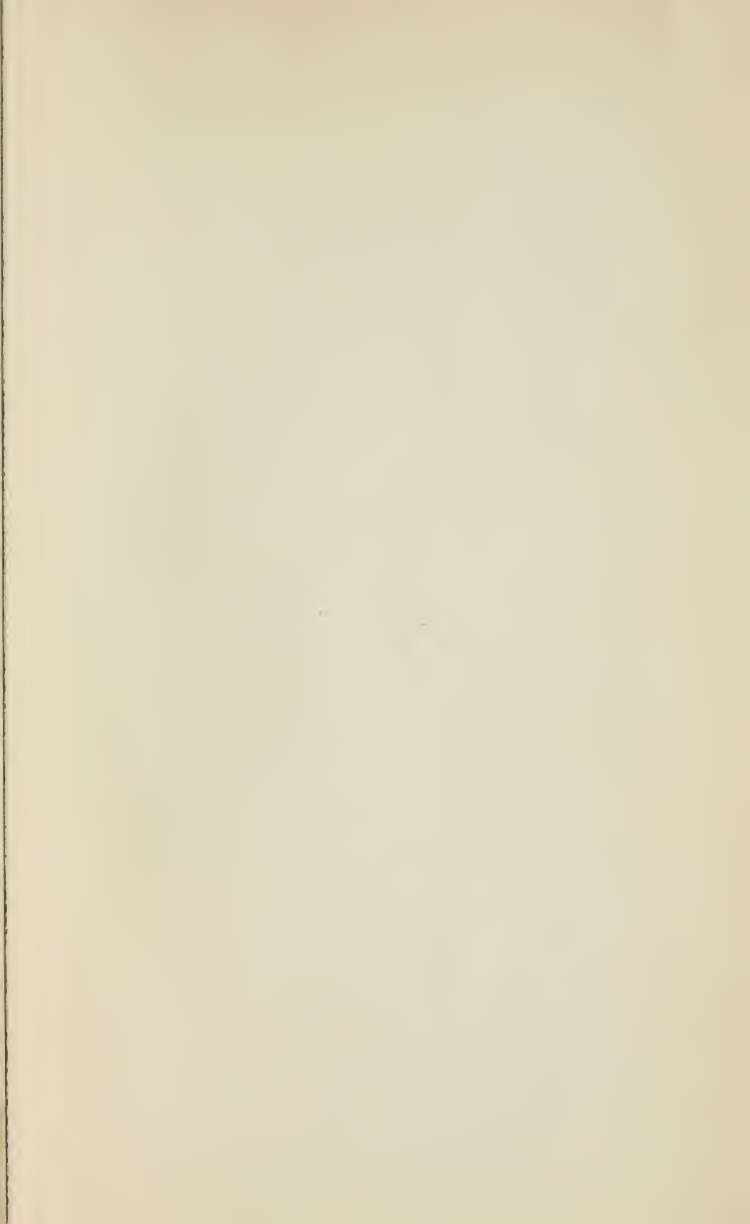
Subscribe to the ——— Liberty Loan!

Buy War Savings Stamps!

Help the Red Cross!

¹ Mention a local place.

NOTE.—The last paragraph is to be selected according to the occasion. A different speech may be given for an entirely different occasion. The entire closing speech may be omitted if not needed.







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